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EIGHT DAYS OUT

MACKINAC AND THE "SOO"

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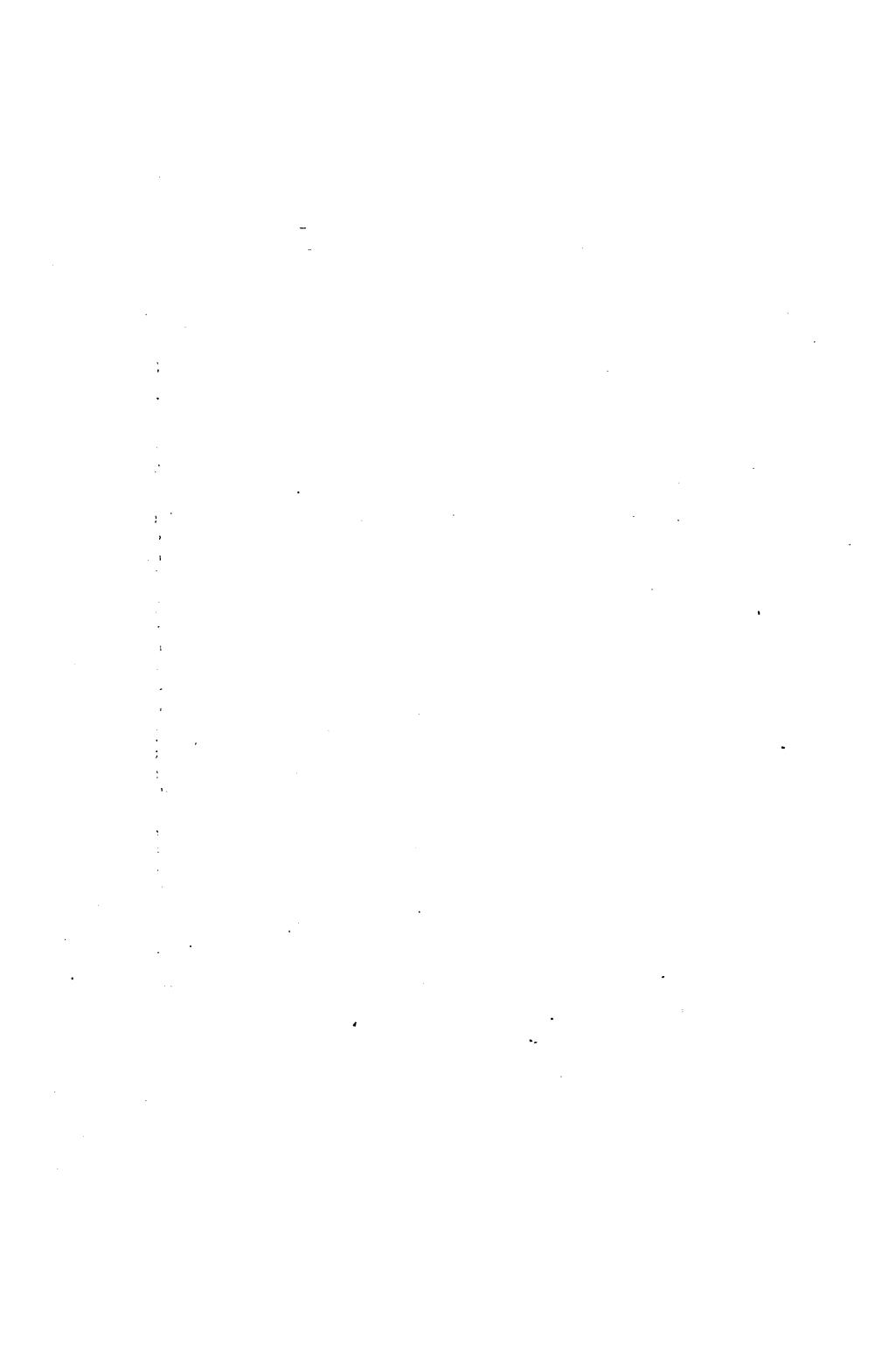


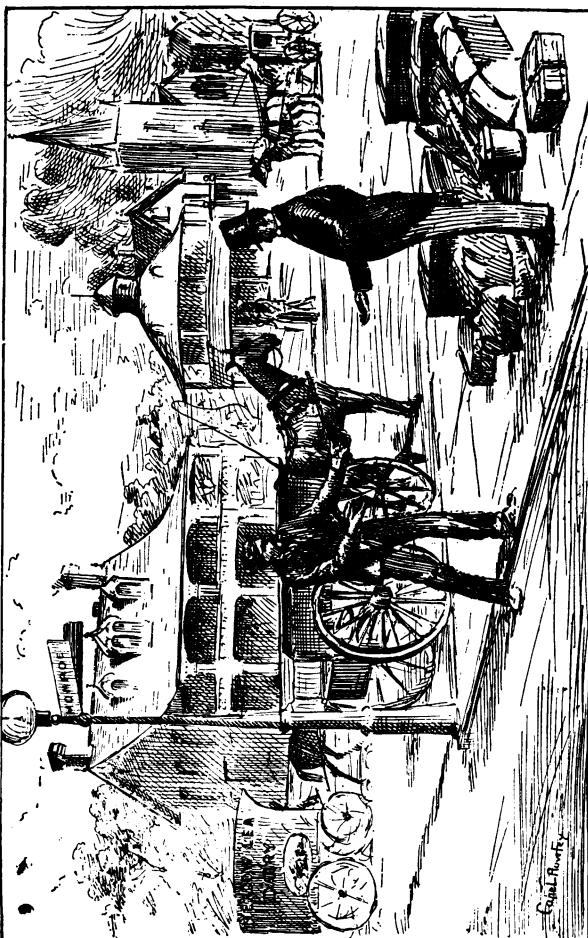
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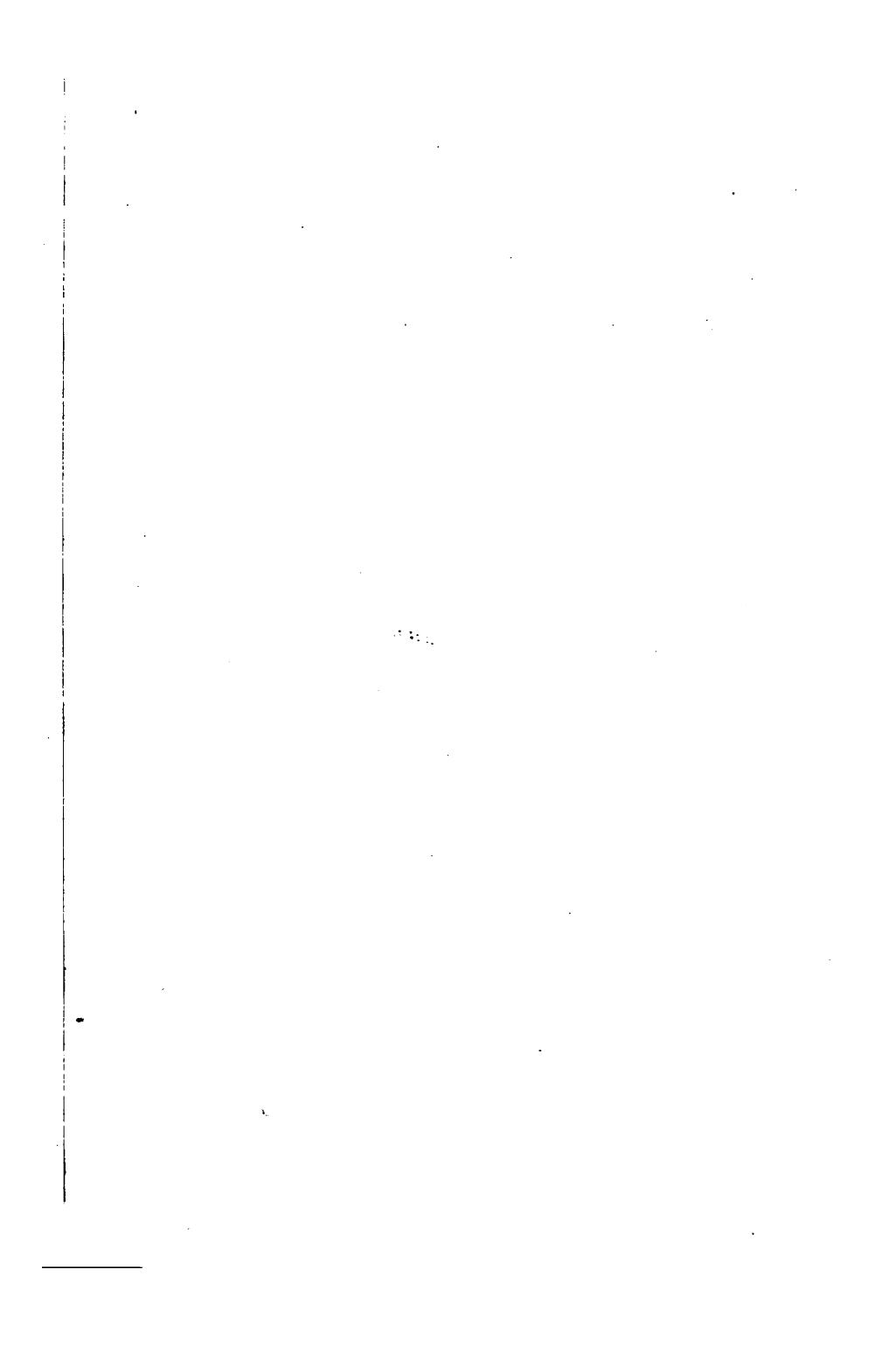


"Make it three, and pay me before I start, or I don't itch them."—Page 8.

Holiday remembrance for
four hundred near friends.

Yours truly
John D. Thomson

Curtis and Washington Streets,
Chicago, December, 1894.



EIGHT DAYS OUT

BY

M. A.



CHICAGO
CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY
175 MONROE STREET
1895

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PREFACE

This book was not written at the suggestion of many friends, who were longing for a few lines of my composition, neither was it done with the expectation that I could give a better description of what I have seen or heard than the reader could give, but was done to pass time pleasantly.

The eight days I was out I took note of such scenery as was interesting to me, also of what happened, whether I saw or heard it, and give it without any attempt to follow the usual mode of similar narrations. Much of the gorgeous display which I came in contact with I pass unmentioned, for, to me, it was not interesting, while I have dwelt on some subjects which will doubtless be tiresome to others.

I found on this trip, as I have experienced all my life, that the most interesting people are the quiet ones, whom it is not easy to engage in conversa-

tion. A talkative person is like a public conveyance, which, even if on a grand scale, is not desirable, because it is common. Probably my ingenuity, if I have any, is better adapted to one particular mode of writing than any other, but as I don't know which that is I have attempted whatever came before me, the tragical, descriptive, humorous, sentimental, and have even attempted to tell a yarn, which I hope none of my mutual friends will insinuate is not my first attempt.

The obvious fact, that we all view subjects from different standpoints, gives rise to a diversity of opinions, but if we all thought alike this world would be the abode of nonchalant drones. So let us respect the views of others and not attempt to enforce our own, ever remembering that charity, like a soft ray of sunshine in the gloom, is never unwelcome, but often changes a wayward course to one of usefulness.

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EIGHT DAYS OUT

PHILIP AND HIS BAGGAGE

“Precisely so,” said Philip Parkins, as we upbraided him for being late. “I know, gentlemen, that it was a close call, and had I not been a close calculator I would have been left. Really I have had my hands full since last Wednesday morning, when I decided to accompany you on this trip to Mackinac Island and the ‘Soo.’ I can assure you that I was up all night packing my trunks, and had everything ready at 8 o’clock, but the expressman was nearly half an hour late, and when I told him we had to make the Rush Street Bridge Dock before 9 o’clock he shrugged his shoulders and said:

“ ‘Kaunt be did fur love nur money, Mister.’

“ ‘Can’t do it?’ said I. ‘Why, it’s only three miles, and you have nearly half an hour; grab hold and load them in.’ But he didn’t budge.

" 'Oss flesh is mighty sca'ce,' he said, 'and you 'ave a truck load here. If you spect me to race my hanimal to land you and your load of trumpery for 'alf a dollar, you've figured wrong.'

" 'Make it a dollar, then,' said I, 'only get them in quickly.'

" 'Naw,' said he, 'make it three, and pay me before I start, or I don't titch them.' And that was what made us come with such a rush."

"But, Philip," said I, "what upon earth are you doing with so much baggage? Sam, Billy and myself, have only a small grip-sack each; you know we are out only for a week."

"Precisely so, Mr. R—; you may be so constituted as to make yourself happy wherever you are dropped, regardless of surrounding circumstances. If you have no clean shirt I suppose that you are thankful that you have a soiled one, but, unfortunately, I am not put up in that way. I must have things comfortable or I get nervous, so I have brought along everything needful, not forgetting my pocketbook. This is my first outing, so after figuring the expense in a liberal way, I slipped an extra one hundred dollars in my pocket, that I might not be a burden on your hands; at least in that direction."

As the beautiful steamer "Manitou" moved away from the wharf, Philip looked back towards the landing with an eager, worried expression, fearing he had either lost a package, or forgotten something which would have been very essential.

Half a dozen men and boys were called in, to convey his trumpery to his state-room; he giving strict orders to this or that apparently careless boy, not to press the package, but to hold it right side up.

His disappointment was great when he learned that trunks were not allowed in sleeping apartments. He shrugged his shoulders in disgust as he muttered to himself: "Dogs not allowed in the park; children not allowed on the grass; trunks not allowed in the rooms; *altogether* too arbitrary."

After being pleasantly ensconced in his seemingly close quarters, with his boxes, bundles and packages placed in corners, on racks, in the windows, or hung on hooks, he invited us to take seats and consider ourselves his guests for the present. Touching the electric bell, it was quickly answered by a fine appearing colored gentleman, whom he tipped with a dollar, saying: "That is for the four; now remember that you are not to

look these gentlemen in the face as if they owed you something; they have traveled, but this is my first outing; bring us a card table."

Then turning to us he continued, "I should have brought my own table, but you advised me to bring only what was actually necessary—

"Is that the largest card table you have?"

"All one size, sir," replied the obedient servant.

"Well, I suppose that will do. Now bring us a pitcher of ice water—Hold! hold! come back, waiter!"

"Yes, sah?"

"How am I supposed to get to my trunks?"

"I will direct you as often as you please; it will be a pleasure to do so, sah."

"Here, take this key, it will unlock the smallest trunk. In the substantial partition, at the right hand side, you will find a number of square bottles, all plainly labeled. Bring us the one marked, 'Old Rye.'"

"All right, sah."

"Stop! stop him, Mr. R., call him back (that quick move looks suspicious)."

"Sah?" queried the darky, as he returned with a somewhat disturbed countenance, which indicated an invisible flushed face.

“Perhaps,” said Philip with a sanctimonious air, “I had better accompany you, as the lock is out of order, and you might not be able to open it without trouble.”

“Take right hold, drink hearty, gentlemen—what, none of you wish to indulge? Well—yes—yes, as you say, it is too early in the day, but as you say, Mr. R—, it will be just the thing for special occasions, hunting, fishing, &c, for we must take our chances of a swim in the rapids, a battle with the Indians, or a chase from a she bear.”

“Really, Mr. Parkins,” said Mr. N—, “do you understand this to be a dangerous tour? I take it to be a pleasure trip from which we will encounter no danger, barring accidents. What is your opinion?” he said, turning to me.

“Of course,” I replied, “on occasions like these we expect to encounter dangers; that is what we are out for; it is the romantic part—one might say the one ideal hope that we may return home after having experienced hair-breadth escapes. To be sure, there is danger, great danger; the hope of our return is based on good luck, but I agree with Mr. Parkins that the chances of our return are—well one might say, a little in our favor.”

“Is it your real opinion Mr. R—,” inquired Mr. Parkins, “that we are—?”

“Oh, please call me M. A.” said I, “don’t let us be loaded down with “Mr.” when we are out on a lark. That prefix, Mister, ought never to be used in social circles; it acts like a sinker attached to a kite. Of course it will always have its place in the way of an introduction, but to be used among one’s equals, in every-day life, sounds too much like those outrageous titles with which they are hampered in the old country. Please call me ‘M. A.’ and I will call you ‘Phil.’ We want to be free and easy when traveling, and engage in conversation with any good appearing person whom we find at our elbow. Begin by relating a brief, interesting experience of your own, and if he has ever traveled he will reciprocate, or perhaps introduce you to a friend who has traveled over the route you are taking, and can give you valuable information which cannot be found in books—excuse me, gentlemen, I have thoughtlessly diverged from the subject. As far as the danger is concerned, it depends upon what course we take, for there are two ways of traveling. One is, purchase all the reading matter obtainable which throws light on the route you have laid out for your trip; don’t go on deck while on a steamer, for the lake breeze tans one so. Stop at one of

the most fashionable hotels, and instruct the porter to procure your conveyance, and instruct your driver to pass the most noted places. When once in your carriage or canoe, order all the tops up and the curtains down; this will keep out the dust or spray, and, of course, the fresh air also. Give the guide instructions to make the trip as short as possible, which he would have done without your advice. Charge him not to forget to call out distinctly, as he passes, the name of each objective point of interest, which must be dotted down with great care. This class of tourists can be easily distinguished by their exactness of distances, dates and dimensions. Their information is very reliable; they are extremely interesting, because their rehearsals sound so much like the reading of state statistics.

“The other class are actual observers; those who inquire of the guides and others; leave the carriage, boat, or train at every point of interest. Climb up and down; wade in the water; chase a squirrel through the woods, as if they actually expected to catch him. When they return from a ride the ladies’ bangs are whipped out, and the gentlemen’s hats, if left, are stove in, and all in the party are full of fun and laughter. Their flushed

faces would give one the impression that they had had a tussle with a real bear.

"We expect to be of the latter class. We must climb the Sugar Loaf, where it requires the sharpest kind of toenails to cling to the rocks; descend the Rapids, just a little further out into the whirling waters than the Indians have ever before ventured with their canoes; and make an actual search upon the Canadian Heights, for the young wolves and bears in their dens. It is a little unfortunate, Phil, that you and I were built so much on the Clydesdale plan, for you see we can't sprint—well we won't try, we will climb a tree, and when the animal is eating those other fellows we will quietly slip down and sneak out. I would never have coaxed you to come, Phil, if you had left a family behind."

"M. A.," said Phil, "what I said about danger was all a joke. What you say about returning to the city with hair-breadth escapes on our tongues might be amusing to our friends, but how about those who encounter the wolves, and nothing is left to tell the tale but their hats and boots?"

"Please allow me to have a word in this conversation," said Sam. "You must not get worked up over this matter, Phil. First, we are not

expecting to take much risk. Second, if we'd actually drop into a trap, I'll guarantee that M. A. will be the foremost man in the attempt to escape. Don't you think so, Billy?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply. "M. A. talks like a wooden man; I have heard him talk before. The idea of climbing rocks and hanging on with his toenails, and entering wild animals' dens, why—"

"You are sensible, Billy," broke in Phil, "and now laying all joking aside, I want one of you to lay out the program for to-morrow, so we will know what to expect when we get to the Island."

"That is simple enough," said Sam. "I understand that teams are in waiting which will take us to all the points of interest. The first day we will take in the sights of the Island, and the next we will board one of the little steamers and go over to the Snow Islands, fishing, but now let us go to supper and be ready for the entertainment, which is to take place in the cabin this evening."

SHE HAD DANCED WITH JESSE JAMES.

The evening passed off pleasantly. Mrs.— from Chicago played and sang several selections, of which the audience showed their appreciation. We were also favored by the M — Quartet, that sang and recited both humorous and sentimental pieces.

A comical selection, Title, "The Sensitive Bride," was sung, of which the chorus ran something like this:

For she wore red stockings and hair to match,
I called her my Angel, my darling Rose Hatch;
But I chanced once to call her "Old Sorrel Top Rose,"
And that's why I'm nursing this poor broken nose.

This song fired the emotion of an elderly Texan Ranger, who stood near me, and he remarked that it reminded him of the old Missouri favorite song, "Joe Bowers," which his brother-in-law sang at Monclova in 1877, the night that the James Boys came there to the "Fandango."

The name of the James Boys naturally excited our attention, and we urged him to tell us anything real about the men who had so successfully evaded arrest for over a generation. And even then they were not captured, for one fell a victim to a traitor, and the other, of his own accord, came to the Governor's mansion of the State of Missouri and unfastening his belt, laid his revolvers on the table before the Governor saying, "No living man, but me, has had hand on these revolvers since 1861." (21 years.) No one sanctions the unworthy deeds of an outlaw, but still there is a tinge of sympathy in the human heart for the undaunted, even though a bravado criminal, and we all gathered around to learn from an eye-witness something of the brothers whose daring adventures far out-classed any that ever defied the authorities of any civilized nation on earth.

He begged to be excused on the ground that he had never seen either of the James Boys. His only information about them was what he had heard. "But," he added, "my wife Maria has danced with both of them and she always leans to the side that they were more humane than many who lived within the pale of the law."

His better half, Maria, was awkwardly endeav-

oring to poise on one of the easy Turkish settees, as if that kind of life and surrounding luxury had been her lot since childhood. But overdoing it always gives the thing away, and she was not above that weakness which abounds in the human family. The very mention of her name caused her to blush, and she gushingly implored us to excuse her from entertaining, even before she had been called upon.

Mr. J., her husband, was a swarthy, angular, hard-featured man. He was of that make-up which is often found on the great western plains, awkward and rough in appearance, but often just and kind of heart. Maria was more of the Spanish style, and although every motion betrayed her weakness, and showed plainly that she would be more at home riding a Texas steer than among educated people, yet there were traces still remaining which could not be questioned that she had once been a beautiful and graceful unpolished type of her sex. Mr. J. explained that for years he had been in the cattle business, and he now owned a ranch of six thousand acres which was well stocked and he and Maria had come North to spend a few dollars and learn the customs of the people whose homes lie on the borders of the great Northern Lakes.

No one doubted his claim to wealth, for the diamond which glittered on the old gent's linen, as well as those which adorned Maria's proud person, spoke in a tone which even the deaf never fail to hear. Maria begged her husband to desist from mentioning her connections, as she called it, with the James Boys, but said that if we thought it would be interesting, she would relate the facts concerning the tragedy at Monclova, of which she was an eye-witness.

At our request she began, and as she entered the subject, which was probably the theme of her life, she proved to be a skillful narrator, and soon forgot the "agony" she was trying to maintain. In her quaint language (which I will not attempt to copy) she laid before us the scene of that awful night as if it had been but yesterday, and we, in part, saw Jesse and Frank James, and heard Jesse's ringing voice of command as the two Missouri boys were about to fight against eighty armed Mexicans.

Her story was something as follows:

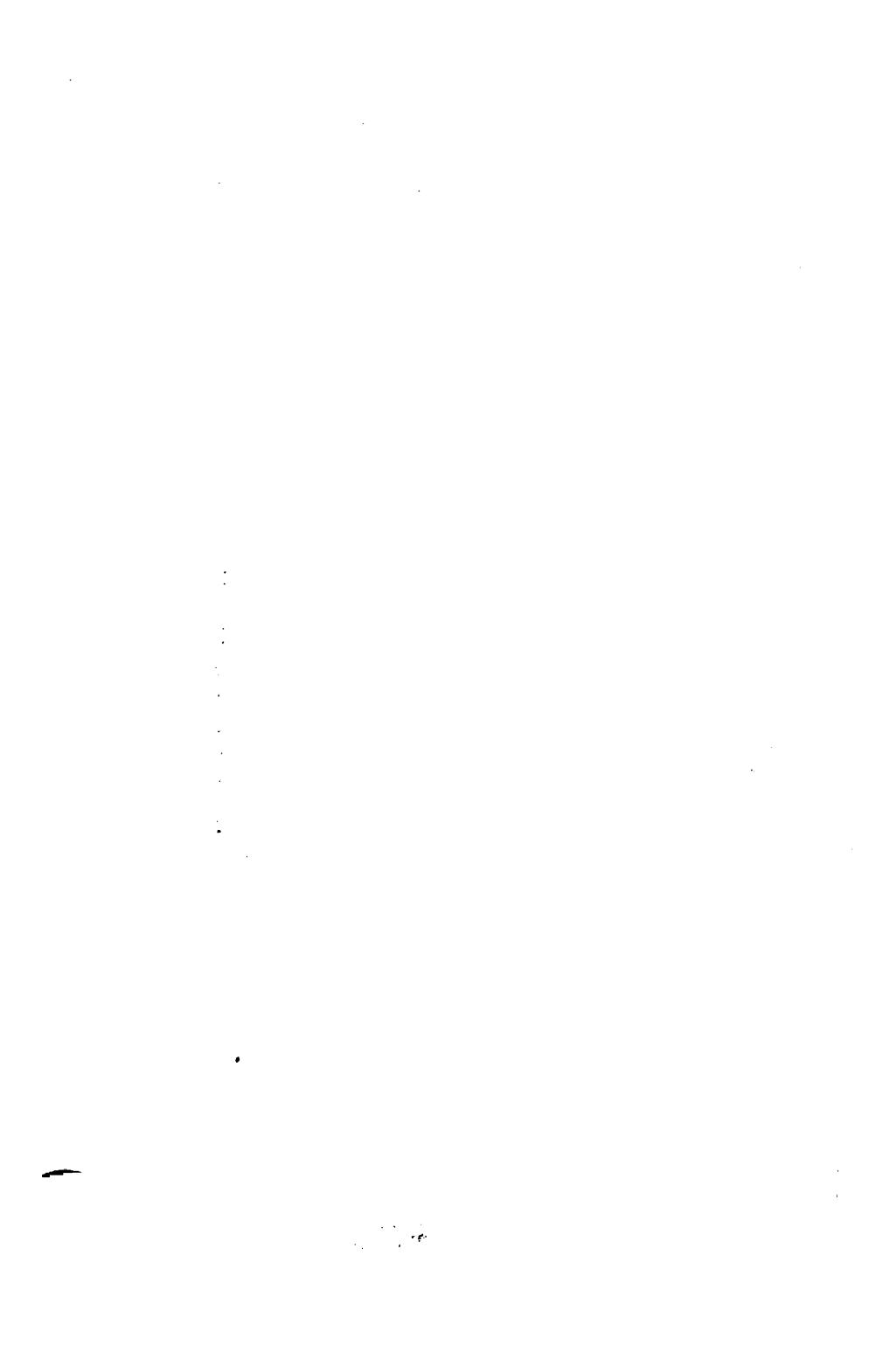
"When I was eighteen years of age we lived in Monclova, in Coahuila, which is in the northern part of Mexico. My Uncle George lived a few doors west of us, whom I had often heard my father talk about, as having passed through many

hair-breadth escapes. But father would never tell us any of the particulars, and I grew up in ignorance of what my uncle's former life may have been. One evening I ran in to Uncle George's and found him in high glee over the arrival of two old friends, whom he introduced to me as 'Smith and Anderson,' but who proved to be the brothers, Frank and Jesse James. They were probably about thirty or thirty-five years of age, but looked quite boyish, even younger than they really were. They appeared very gentlemanly, and conversed in such a free and easy manner that after meeting them several evenings I began to enjoy their company.

"One evening when a party of ten or fifteen had gathered at uncle's house, the conversation drifted to the bold desperadoes, Frank and Jesse James, who, only a few days previous, had while passing through a village near our town, been discovered by a troop of Mexicans, who attempted to capture them. The bandits fled from the village pursued by a dozen or more armed men, who were not a little surprised to see the two lone horsemen turn around and face them. As the pursuers approached the bandits began firing, and at each shot a man fell from his horse, until



At each shot a man fell from his horse.—Page 20.



four men lay sprawling on the ground, when the Mexicans turned and fled. As they did so the bandits followed after them, sending bullets which sped their way not astray, leaving two more dead before they continued their journey. Ten men then rode around the mountain and concealed themselves in ambush, hoping to take them unawares, but the bandits discovered them and actually charged on them, killing one and dispersing the others.

"While the facts were being related, the brothers listened so attentively that one would have thought it was the first time they had ever heard the name of the James Boys mentioned.

"I," said Smith, "would like to join a party of five or six, and capture those outlaws; I consider myself a good shot under ordinary circumstances—of course in a case of emergency I might get nervous, but if we hear of them again I hope it will be so I can have a hand in the business."

"Talk is cheap," said Anderson, "but I don't want any of that in mine. Possibly they are in this neighborhood now—isn't it a pity they could not be caught and punished? Don't you think so?" he said, addressing me.

"I am not afraid of them," I answered; "they

never hurt the women, but I would give anything to see such awful men.'

"He laughed as he said, 'Miss, the shock might kill you,' and so the evening passed away. Before the gathering broke up it was decided that my uncle was to give a fandango in honor of his guests before they returned north.

"My father did not know who the strangers were, but I think he mistrusted that they were boys who belonged to the famous Quantrell's Gorilla Band, for he warned me not to trust the strangers. I will confess that not only myself, but several of the young ladies in the neighborhood enjoyed the company of these young men, whom no one seemed to know, only that they were friends of my Uncle George.

"Jesse was my first partner at the fandango, or ball, and Frank danced with Sue Lessner. About 10 o'clock father came into the ballroom and beckoned me to go out with him. We had been enjoying ourselves so much that I did not feel as if I could spare the time to comply with his request, but I asked Mr. Anderson (Jesse) to excuse me, and followed father. You can never, in the least, imagine my surprise and feelings when he told me that the two strangers were Frank and Jesse James;

that they had been identified by a young American from Matehuala.

"He said that the American authorities had out an offer of Fifty Thousand Dollars reward for their capture, also Captain Macy still held out his reward of One Thousand Dollars each. He also informed me that a detachment of eighty men had been mustered in, who had already surrounded the house, and that their escape was impossible, and that I must not return.

"I had always gladly obeyed my father, but this time I obeyed the dictates of my own conscience, and immediately returned to the ballroom. As I passed through the door I saw the cruel soldiers with guns guarding the door, and could see their murderous revolvers hanging by their sides. I soon discovered that the brothers were aware of the trouble, for they were unusually jolly and managed to keep on the move every moment. I put myself in Jesse's way for the next set, determined to tell him all, and give them a chance to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

"I think he knew he could trust me, for he carried my hand in his to the other end of the room as he said: 'Maria, my mother is a brave woman, she is the best woman on earth—you are a brave girl, I know you are.'

"I then turned and looked him squarely in the face and tried to begin, but he said, 'Hush!'

"He and Frank both wore short, loose coats which looked like hunting coats and they looked neat and respectable. Not a trace, either in their looks or demeanor, betrayed them to be the awful men which they were. I had from the first respected them, but as they stood so quiet, and yet so brave, under such circumstances, I actually admired them. I could see no weapons, and cannot now understand how they carried their revolvers unless they were fastened to a belt very tight around their waists. Jesse excused himself, and he and Frank stepped to the back window and I hoped they were about to escape, but they soon returned.

"It was several moments before the set was formed, and oh! what awful moments to me! I do believe that I have never been the same person since. If my hair did not turn gray, my heart was growing cold, and I have never doubted that had the opportunity presented itself, I should have thrown myself between those men and death and received the fatal missile myself.

"However bad Jesse might be, he still loved the mother who bore him, and whatever crimes they

may have committed they had certainly done no one harm since they came to Monclova.

"As I looked upon the two harmless appearing young men, who, as I understood, were about to be murdered, or to be deprived of their freedom, only to await the gallows, I could see only one cause for the coming tragedy, and that was the mighty dollar. While we were still waiting, as Jesse would not listen to me, I walked directly over to Frank, and was about to address him, but the music started and I was compelled to return for my set. When we began to move on the floor I tried to act natural, but I was so weak that I could not. Jesse noticed it, and several times gave me a little shake; I think it was to encourage me, but I was growing weaker and was about to faint —when the door was unceremoniously burst open, and I saw the officer coming toward us. As he approached, for some unaccountable reason my strength returned and I was not so much alarmed. The two victims stood side by side as the stately officer, followed by his guards, with their weapons drawn, strode into the room.

"At first all stood as if spell-bound, and no one spoke except the German fiddler, who said, 'Vas ish all dis? We don't got dot on de

program.' I expected to see the brothers draw their weapons as the officers approached, but they did nothing of the kind; they stood in a defenseless way as the soldiers came near, and the officer said: 'In the name of the Mexican Government I demand your surrender.'

"And the brothers smiled in his face.

"Will you peacefully surrender?" he inquired.

"Never," was Frank's calm reply.

"With that the officer motioned his guard to move forward.

"Stop!" exclaimed Jesse, and the officer motioned his guard to halt.

"I have a proposition to submit," said Jesse, "will you hear it?"

"If it means surrender, yes," replied the officer.

"It is this," said Jesse, "that you permit the ladies to retire, and then we will discuss the question with you."

"I," said the officer, "shall be compelled —"

"I say let the ladies retire!" again exclaimed Jesse, and he spoke in that confidential, commanding tone of one who had the power to enforce his command. The officer seemed disturbed, and I never could determine in my mind, whether he acquiesced out of the respect he held for the ladies,



"Never," was Frank's calm reply.—Page 28.

or if it might be that when he found himself face to face with the notorious James Boys, and they had defied him to do his worst, only insisting that the ladies retire before the battle commenced, that his strength failed him. Instead of ordering them seized, as I expected, he began a parley, stating that the house was surrounded by eighty armed men, and that resistance was useless, but Jesse repeated again, in a commanding voice, 'I say let the ladies retire.'

"I was then looking at the two men who still stood with open hands and apparently in a defenseless manner. When he spoke he looked at the door as if to see if they were going. I glanced at the door and instantly turned back my head to behold the harmless appearing Missouri boys, on the defense, armed with glistening revolvers, the smoke already rising from Jesse's weapon, from which it had sent a bullet through the heart of the commanding officer. Bang! bang! bang! came three more successive reports and four men lay writhing in the agonies of death, while all the others in the room were attempting to make their escape. Instantly Frank flashed his shining weapon to one side—a sharp report—a jingle of glass from the only oil lamp,—and we were in darkness. What

I said or did amid the confusion that followed I cannot remember, but it is not improbable that I may have shouted, 'Hurrah for old Missouri!'

"In the darkness all made a break for the street, the Mexicans fleeing from the bandits, and the bandits escaping from the Mexicans. The soldiers could not shoot unless they shot promiscuously into the crowd, and, for reasons best known to themselves, they fled pell-mell before the throng, of which the James Boys were probably in the lead. The news spread like wild-fire and soon the inhabitants of Monclova were up in arms to defend themselves against supposed hundreds of hireling murderers who were about to massacre all the inhabitants of the town. It was 2 o'clock in the morning before the Monclovaites thought of the blooded horses which belonged to the James Boys, and then there was a grand (cautious) rush for the stable where the horses were known to have been kept.

"They found the hostler asleep; he had not heard of any trouble, but said the two young Americans had called in the night and taken their horses and rifles, but they seemed to be in no hurry. They had made close inquiry as to the feeding of the animals, after which they had watered them and called for a brush and slicked their manes and tails

before they mounted. As they were about to start he heard one of them say—

“I say, Frank, this is a lively little town, isn’t it?”

“Yes it is, Jesse,” replied the other, “we have had lots of fun here this evening; I wonder if they will miss us in the morning?”

“Then they started up the mountain on a slow trot.

“There,” said Maria, “that is all I know about them.” Then heaving a sigh she concluded, “I have since learned that the cause of the James Boys’ conduct was at least in part owing to the cruel treatment which their inoffensive parents received at the hands of the authorities.”

MACKINAC ISLAND

Long before we were in sight of the Island, Phil was busy packing his trunks, and running with parcels and bundles through the cabin, preparatory to leaving the boat. He had insinuated that he did not intend to be late again, "*on this trip*," but when the boat landed he was not quite ready.

He had decided at the last moment that it was unbecoming to appear at a strange hotel in ruffled linen, so he had attempted to make the shift, and had not the Captain been very accommodating, Mr. Parkins would have continued his journey while we stopped at the Island. The trunks were ashore, and we had gathered up all the little parcels and stood waiting on the dock when the last bell sounded, just as Phil came on a run with his silk hat on the back of his head, shirt collar in his hand, and one suspender dragging.

Mackinac Island is situated about 30 miles north-east of Mackinaw City, and a little to the north-west of the approach of the extremes of upper and lower Michigan.

Quite a pretty legend is connected with the Island. It is to this effect:— Once upon a time an Indian maiden Oweenee, the youngest of ten sisters, married an old man, Osseo, whom her sisters derided. The old man was one day transfigured into a youth, and Oweenee became old and decrepit, but still he loved her and called her Ne-ne-moosh-a (my sweetheart). One evening they were all assembled at a hunter's lodge, with whom they were to feast and be happy, but Osseo was unhappy on account of Oweenee's condition, and he gazed heavenward and prayed.

Soon strange voices were heard and the lodge began to tremble and they were raised above the clouds and trees, far away to the evening star.

Oweenee and her sisters became shining birds, with the beauty of starlight, and she bore a son who was an archer. One day he shot one of the birds, which proved to be his aunt, at which the spell was broken and they began sinking, down, down, until they found themselves on the Island of Mish-in-e-mok-ok-ong, or land of spirits, from

which the Island derived its name. On bright moonlight evenings their lodge is still seen, and their voices heard:—so say the natives.

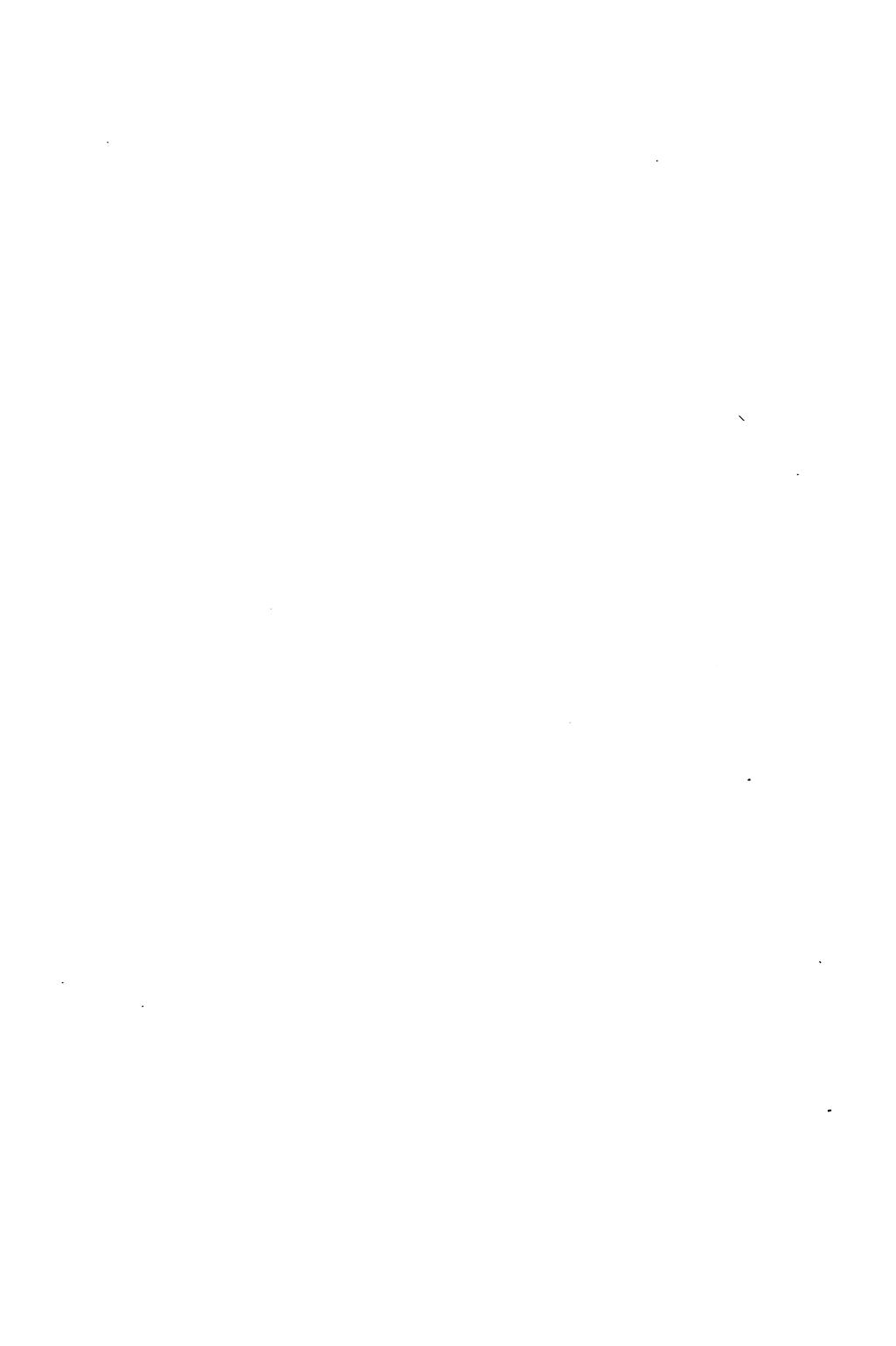
The first church was built on the Island about 1780. Soon after John Jacob Astor made the Island the trading point of the American Fur Company. In 1783, by the treaty between The United States and Great Britain, Mackinac fell within the boundaries of the United States, but the English refused to withdraw their forces until 1796. During the war of 1812, while the fort was held with less than sixty United States troops, the British came upon the Island from the north with a force of about 1,000 men, and took up a position on the heights which overlooked Fort Mackinac.

They threw up breastworks around about an acre of ground, as a protection against the onslaught of 57 Yankees. The embankment still remains and is called Fort Holmes.

The breastworks which enclosed the fort are about five or six feet high and six feet across the top. The prints made by the wheels of the cannon, as they were placed in position, are still plainly visible. It is nicely grassed over, and if undisturbed, will remain a very interesting relic as the ages go by. Each summer, strangers will come, and stand



View of Fort Holmes.—Page 36.



on the old fort; they will speak more politely, accent their words more correctly, drop many plain words and supply new ones, until the time will come when the tourist of the future, standing on the fort to greet the tourist of to-day, would be unable to comprehend our brogue, and still the fort will have the same history. The Island contains about 2,000 acres, of which about 1,000 belongs to the government, and is held as a park.

On arriving at the dock, one is besieged by a swarm of old and young men and boys, all anxious to take the stranger a trip around the Island to see the sight. One dollar is the price, and no deviation.

It is to be deplored that many of these would-be guides know very little about the Island or its history.

Arch Rock was the first point of interest. The cliff proper extends out over the lake, and is said to be 149 feet high. From the outer point the ledge extends north, and through this rock a large opening has been formed, leaving an arch over it about eight feet deep and five feet wide. This natural arch over so large a space is one of the most picturesque that I have ever seen.

Sugar Loaf was the next point to which we were driven. We found it very interesting; a large

rock in an opening, said to be 134 feet high, although it did not appear to be over 100 feet. It looked like a sugar loaf standing on one end. Twenty feet or more from the base is a hole, or cave, to which visitors ascend by way of a ladder and make themselves at home.

Directly west of Sugar Loaf is a high prominence, called Point Lookout. I concluded that this must be the spot where the Oweeneeans landed when they came back to earth from the Evening Star.

From this point the lovely green valley, with Sugar Loaf in the center, can be seen. Fort Holmes, before mentioned, is a short distance south of this beautiful outlook. Skull Cave, still west of Point Lookout, is simply an opening in a ledge where Indian skulls and ancient relics were found, which apparently belonged to some long forgotten family. Here I gave a helping hand to several ladies who were desirous of climbing the Skull Cave ledge, and I am frank to confess that the thought of standing in the rock where Indian maidens may have stood while singing the funeral dirge of some forgotten monarch, was not as satisfactory to me as the realization that my attention was appreciated by the fair sex of the present day.



Robertson's Folly.—Page 43.

Lovers' Leap and Devil's Kitchen are situated on the west side of the Island. The Devil's Kitchen is situated just beneath the rock from which the lover is supposed to have leaped. These scenes are not particularly interesting, unless it is suggestive of the thought that many a fair maiden has leaped from a lofty position of comfort and good society to the Devil's Kitchen below, to scrub her life away in poverty and disgrace. Wishing Spring adjoins Devil's Kitchen, where all are supposed to pay their nickel, think of the one you love best, take a drink and wish; but I was too conscientious to indulge in a sweet wish, especially under such "Devilish" circumstances.

Mackinac Fort commands a view of the harbor and is somewhat interesting. Near the fort is a block-house, or fort, built in 1780. We walked around the southeast corner of the Island to view the wonderful precipice, called Robertson's Folly. The legend concerning that cliff is romantic enough to satisfy the most love-sick goose. The following is the quintessence of the astonishing tale:

Robertson was a gallant English officer, a great admirer of the fair sex, but whose mind, unfortunately, ran more to the ideal than the real.

Evening after evening he followed his phantom sweetheart, and as the orb of day sank to its cradle of sweet rest, and the whip-poor-will's soft notes echoed through glen and vale, she waited — lingered for him amid bowers of love. Her smiles and charms called his soul from nature's tame abode to love's fair dream-land. Her loving eyes lured him on until from the high cliff she made her fairy debut. He, like a lover bold, plunged after her, and of course landed among the hemlock boughs below, and broke his neck.

From that point we followed the beach north to the foot of Arch Rock, the scene before mentioned. There we discovered an interesting arch, which is not on the program, but is more wonderful, and will exist for ages after the renowned arch has crumbled and gone. It is directly under the high cliff, or promenade which extends out into the lake, that tourists walk out upon while viewing the Arch Rock. From the Island the lower arch is not seen, and the guide either does not know of its existence, or is instructed not to mention it, as the tourist might demand five minutes to explore. Two hundred dollars would pay the expense of a winding stairway, down through the principal arch, then under the lower one, and extending to the



View of Arch Rock.—Page 44.

lake, which would then be the most picturesque scene on the Island.

Last, but not least, our attention was called to an old iron cannon which rests upon a wooden structure, near the water's edge, in front of the harbor. It is about fifteen feet long, and probably carried a thirty pound ball. I looked at it with admiration. My smile was one of satisfaction. The heart which ever beats fondly for my country, seemed to swell with pride—with a strong will I resisted the temptation to put my arms around the old gun and give it a good hug. The object of my enthusiasm was one of the twenty guns of the famous old Niagara, which was used at Perry's victory on Lake Erie, during the war of 1812. I could not refrain from repeating the following verse, which I committed to memory when a schoolboy concerning that battle.

"On the tenth of September, let us all remember
As long as this globe on its axis rolls round,
Our tars and marines on Lake Erie were seen,
To make the proud flag of Great Britain come down."

I wish the old gun could be better cared for, and not allowed to rust out, for, any relic used by our forefathers in the great struggle for independence, during life's cloudy morning when our nation

was young, will always be interesting, whether it be Perry's gun, Washington's sword, Putnam's hat, or Molly Pitcher's stockings.

Nature has done much to make this northern resort a popular place of rest. The rates charged are not exorbitant, but the services are unsatisfactory. The guides are ignorant, inexperienced, and in an awful hurry to get around and start with another load of passengers. At each point of interest they act as if they had received a fresh telegram to the effect that "Father is dying, twins are born, wife has eloped," or some other little family irregularity, which demanded their immediate attention at home.

We spent one day fishing at Snow Islands, a little group about twenty miles north of Mackinac.

These daily excursions are delightful, as the fish are very plentiful. In some places the water is so clear that a dime can be seen forty feet from the surface. The fishing is done from little canoes, and it is rare sport to watch the swarms of perch play about the hook. Occasionally a big fellow is seen to grab the bait and, of course, this is where the fun comes in. If the lucky one is a lady, she immediately calls for help, and her escort is supposed to drop his fishing tackle and assist

her in landing the prize. Occasionally the lady over-estimates her catch and the fish doesn't weigh over half a pound.

PHILIP THROWS UP

On boarding the steamer for the "Soo," we had some trouble with Philip's baggage, and it was not his fault either. He began his preparations long before the boat arrived; he shaved and had his boots blacked; silk hat ironed; clean change of linen; porter engaged and distinctly instructed as to each trunk and parcel. As we were waiting for the boat to make her landing, I really did admire Phil's genteel appearance, for we three, having been standing on our heads by a misplaced footing, sliding down a cliff on the flat of our backs, or accidentally sitting down in the water, began to look a little shabby, but with Philip at the head we were quite a respectable looking crowd. Phil's face beamed with pride, or a sort of self-satisfaction as the driver arrived with his luggage just in time for the boat's departure. But, for some unaccountable reason, the dough-head of a porter, as Phil

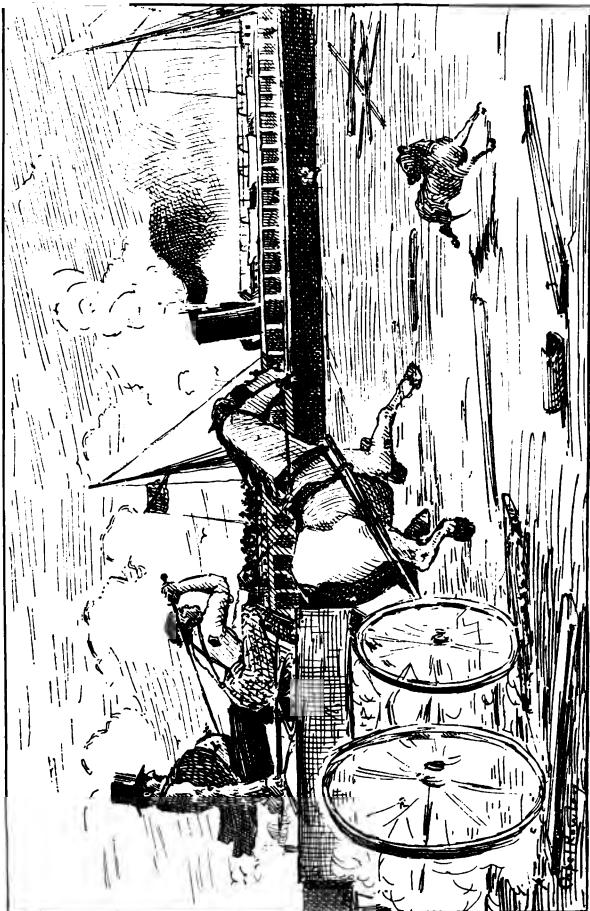
called him, had left his largest trunk. We were in a bad fix: the driver did not know anything about it; the Captain could not wait; we could not go without Phil; and he could not go without his trunk. The boat hands began to hustle what baggage he had on board, and Philip started on a run to the hotel. He had scarcely turned the corner, when we learned that the big trunk had previously arrived, and was already on board. I started an expressman after him, with the promise of a square dollar, if he could get the unfortunate man there on time. The captain was a good-natured, genial kind of man, and although he looked very serious, still there was something about his countenance which betrayed him, and I have no doubt but that he enjoyed the sport. I don't actually believe that he was in much of a hurry, for lake steamers are seldom on time, but no sooner had the rickety old vehicle started after Phil than he began to blow the great steamer's big whistle so awfully loud, that it seemed to shake the little Island of Mackinac to its very center. Toot! toot! toot! squealed a little tug that was lying at the wharf, which seemed inclined to join in the alarm, and then the big whistle began bellowing forth its last call.

Just then the dollar man turned the corner, urging his plug-ugly, which was already at a good stiff canter, into its extreme measure of speed.

The dock at Macinac is not in the best of repair—not intended for a race track, and the run over such a course was attended with no slight disturbance. It not only shook them, but tossed them up to that extent, that broad daylight was visible between the wagon seat and Phil's trousers. As he struck the gang plank he was hauled in with it and cheered by all on board. Phil thought to join in the merriment by jumping up and giving a sort of war-whoop.

He happened to be standing under a beam which was not more than two inches above his silk hat, and as he ascended his head disappeared, and when he came down his plug hat actually rested on his shoulders, but he began the pawing process, like a dog trying to get off his collar, and with a little assistance was soon relieved.

As our boat breasted the huge, tumbling waves out on the deep, restless waters, we looked back to the sweet little Island of Mackinac, kissed a good-bye to the few with whom we had become acquainted, and the many whose story we would gladly have learned. As we bore east the wind became



Broad daylight was visible between the wagon seat and Phil's trousers.—Page 52.

more boisterous, which caused Phil no little trouble.

Our morning ramble and his exciting ride had thrown him into a sort of collapse, and the heavy sea frightened him, but he as usual was ravenously hungry. The sound of the dinner-bell had a wonderful reviving tendency, and we were soon seated at the dinner-table in the magnificent dining-room. We were all hearty, of course, but Phil pitched in like a Methodist Itinerant, who had just returned from a backwoods circuit. After partaking of a dish of soup he ordered boiled lake trout, fried perch and baked white fish. Then he began on his regular meat dinner, roast beef, roast duck and other substantials, with the usual vegetables, and wound up with nicknacks and ice-cream. As we were about finishing our meal the boat gave a tremendous lurch which broke our table from its fastenings, sliding it nearly across the dining-room.

Philip appeared bewildered, but I assured him that such occurrences were quite usual during a breeze, and that we had only to wait for another big wave, when the table would come back to us. But he was in no condition for joking, as he was already beginning to look pale and showed

other signs of seasickness. We made strenuous efforts to conduct him to his room, but when about midway of the rosewood and mahogany furnished cabin, with its velvet plush carpets, he motioned for a water pitcher, but too late. He did look funny; he seemed to have lost all his dignified mien, and without asking to be excused began to heave up.

The spectacle was too ludicrous—to see our exemplary friend wallowing about, apparently endeavoring to transfer his dinner from the inside to the outside of his person, was more than we could bear, and we cruelly gave way to unre-served laughter. With the assistance of three waiters he was helped to his room, and amid a pro-fusion of towels and napkins, with a wash-bowl on either hand, he was prepared for a fit of seasick-ness. Everything being in readiness, he began to feel better, in fact had passed the critical period, and said he felt as if he was empty to the end of his toes. Sam also began to feel—no, not sea-sick, but he said he was tired and would lie down. By this time many on board seemed to be busy attending to their own affairs; that is, they were watching to see that some other passenger did not steal the dish they were using as a receptacle for their dinner.

Billy and I worked our way to the bow of the boat, and with our hats in our hands, leaned over the side of the boat, and watched the proud steamer plough the heavy sea, whose wild waves often dashed upon the upper deck.

Our route soon brought us into the St. Mary River, where all began to feel better, and explain why they happened to become seasick. One lady, from St. Louis, with more tongue than talent, attempted to demonstrate that she would have had no trouble in retaining her equilibrium had the boat continued moving forward instead of swinging around and around like a top.

Phil soon appeared on deck, in a complete change of garments, to inform us that supper was nearly ready. He tipped all the porters and treated all who were dry. The voyage, he said, would not be complete without the recital of a sailor's yarn; he therefore sent to the Captain to inquire if there was an "Old Salt" on board who could entertain us in that direction? We were informed that Capt. John Green was with us, and after tea, would be delighted to relate any experience which might be interesting.

CAPTAIN GREEN'S UNVARNISHED TALE

About 8 o'clock we assembled in the forward main saloon, bringing stools and chairs from our rooms, and seated ourselves in a huddle, while the Captain took a seat in front. Captain Green was a tall, angular specimen of the New England Yankee type; steel gray eyes, square under jaw, and compressed lips which were partially concealed by a heavy mustache. He did not look ordinary, he was not the man that one could place at a glance, but rather one whose character would be an interesting study. He said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, 62 years ago, at New London, Connecticut, when a lad of 14, I embarked on a whaling vessel, called 'The Hopeful,' and followed a sea-faring life until 1889. Since then I occasionally make a pleasure trip like the one we are now enjoying. As for spinning yarns, it is not in my line, for that would

be an exaggeration of the truth, of which I would not be guilty. But I will relate an actual experience, which, as you must know, having doubled Cape Horn, and Cape Good Hope three times, also making several trips to the frozen ocean, and—”

“Captain,” cried our friend Phil, “we are here prepared to listen to a sailor’s yarn of the most startling character. Your experience might be interesting, but can’t you give us something more spicy?”

“I cannot,” said the Captain; “plain, unvarnished facts, simple experience, is all I could conscientiously give.” However, we begged him to proceed.

“On one of our return trips from the northern ocean,” began the Captain, “we were along shore, off the coast of Newfoundland, and were all in high spirits. We had captured about forty of the monsters of the deep, and as our heavy laden ship glided along the clear blue Atlantic, on that soft sunny September day, we thought of loved ones at home, whom we soon should see, and familiar voices we soon should hear. For many nights we had dreamed of a loved mother’s caress, and the soft smile of the fond maiden, as she blushingly tried to conceal the fact that she had been watching and waiting.

"No happier crew of jolly tars ever paced the deck, than those on board the 'Molly O.' that lovely autumn day. Near evening we were startled by the announcement that a lone shark was following in the wake of the vessel, and was, even now, playing near the stern of the boat, awaiting its human victim. No omen is so seriously regarded among sailors as that of the trailing shark. It invariably foretells the near end of one or more of the crew, unless in some way it can be dispatched. The usual remedy to get rid of the intruder was at once made ready. We set about to heat five thirty-pound cannon balls and then dropped them into the water, one after another; all of which the man-eater quickly snapped up and swallowed, besides—"

"Do I understand you to say," broke in an elderly lady of dignified mien, with a Roman nose, on which rested a heavy pair of gold spectacles, "that the animal actually swallowed the hot cannon balls? Might they not have sunk in the water?"

"My dear madam," politely replied the captain, "I could not positively swear as to the first four, but I was told by those who were watching, that he swallowed them as soon as they touched the

water; but there was no doubt about the fifth one, for I heated it in the furnace myself. When it was at a white heat I grabbed it with a huge pair of blacksmith's tongs, and leaning over the stern of the boat dropped it—upon my honor, the monster caught it on the fly."

The lady in question, apparently a teacher of a juvenile class in some Sabbath school, gathered up her skirts and retired to her stateroom.

Continuing, the conscientious gentleman said: "It ought to have killed him, but as we had feared, he proved to be one of the gehenna breed, and it apparently sharpened his appetite, for he followed on as lively as before. Nothing more could now be done, and we all huddled in the forecastle and began reading our Testaments, which we had not had occasion to read before since we set sail. About sunset, while we were eating our supper, a strange chorus of female voices fell upon our ears, and we dropped our knives and forks as if our hands had been paralyzed—we looked at each other in amazement."

"Is it possible that the mermaid sings?"

"Songs of mermaids are not uncommon when at sea; they often linger rear and throw kisses at us, and we get somewhat acquainted with them, but

to hear them sing at sunset is to warn us that not far away, billows run mountain high, and that we must prepare for the inevitable, while they rehearse our funeral dirge.

“As night came on the soft breeze died away, and our good ship seemed to be dreaming as she slept on the charming water. We had taken in our sails and I was silently pacing the deck of the ‘Molly O.,’ which never before looked so lovely. In the dim twilight, as Jack Sloan was coming toward me, I saw him suddenly stop, and fix his gaze out over the dark Atlantic, and make signs as if he was about to jump into the sea. I ran to him and said, ‘What is the matter?’

“‘Do you see her, John?’ he inquired, ‘Oh, isn’t she lovely! Oh! its Jessie, see her stretch forth her lovely arms to save me. Oh, Jessie Dean!’

“These strange words startled me, for I knew that Jessie Dean was Jack Sloan’s sweetheart, of whom he had spoken to me as living in the old-fashioned farm-house on the Vermont hills, and I knew she could not be there upon the dark waters.

“‘Jack,’ I cried, ‘you are dreaming; there is nothing there,’ and he looked at me strangely as he said:

“‘I am quite sure I saw her,’ Then he, after a moments reflection, said:

" 'Yes, John, you are right; you see I was thinking of her and I actually forgot myself.'

"Soon we began to hear a faint, rumbling noise seaward; the air began to be chilly; a flock of seagulls came flying over; and the atmosphere became heavy laden. We were unacquainted with the rock-bound coast, and our only hope was to face the on-coming storm, which we had good reason to believe would be of short duration.

"Two men were ordered into the rigging, of which Jack was one. Three were stationed on the deck, besides the Captain and myself, and the others were sent below to await their turn. The gale was soon upon us.

"The 'Molly O.' began to heave and plunge, as her masts bent and swayed and the staunch ship seemed to groan as if in agony. I could discern that Jack had not strapped himself to the mast, and was about to call to him, when the boat gave a lurch, and he came down head foremost.

"Running to him I cried, 'Are you hurt?' No response came, and we soon discovered that his neck was broken. As we were carrying poor Jack's body into the cabin, I noticed that the other two men were descending and I ordered them to return, but they disobeyed, and I sang out to the

Captain for more help, but the seamen stood like dumb men and would not obey even the Captain's command. I, being first mate, determined to do my duty and immediately climbed into the rigging. To say that the sea ran mountain high, does not half express the commotion and tumbling of the wild billows in that awful storm.

"Sometimes we poised on the top of the wave, and I looked down into the dark trough below into the seemingly subterranean grave, while at other times the ocean appeared to be far above the top of the masts.

"Often we were submerged beneath the waves, but as the hatches were all closed she soon righted again. The poor 'Molly O.' floundered and rolled from side to side, each time immersing me in the briny Atlantic, but I suffered no particular inconvenience until I saw that shark coming to meet me with his mouth wide open. He made a grab at my head and I dodged just in time to save it, all except the tip of this ear. When he saw me dip on the other side he started for me again, but he wasn't quite on time.

"These maneuvers were kept up for some time, when I missed him, and just as I expected, he was waiting on the other side for me to come

back. I was prepared for him and threw a big coil of two inch rope at him, which he swallowed instead of me, and of course I felt somewhat elated at my craftiness. When the boat righted again I made a hand to hand run for the foremast, and when I came down again he did not get his eye on me until I was out of reach.

“Knowing where he would be waiting for me, I contrived to take advantage of his mathematical calculations by shifting from the main to the mizzen mast, then back to the foremast and in this way we played hide and seek for about an hour.

“I wasn’t much frightened—in fact I was never really scared in my life, yet I will acknowledge that that shark was mighty interesting company, and when the Captain hallooed to me that Bill, the second mate, had volunteered to relieve me, I didn’t hesitate about sliding down the rope at once. In about half an hour I went out to relieve Bill, but—poor boy—he had already been relieved. We concluded that he had kind of satisfied the shark, for he did not follow us any longer.

“Soon the sea became calm, and as the morning sun beamed across the broad waters of the great Atlantic, we might have drawn a long, thankful breath, but for the fact that there was poor Jack,

whose body we dared not consign to the deep, for we were getting a little nervous about the inhabitants of the main.

"From our chart we concluded that we were not more than ten miles from Elkhorn Grove, and we decided to run in there and give Jack a 'terra firma' burial. From the scant lumber we had on board, I set about to make him a coffin. Having no screws I used nails, and being a good friend to the departed, I determined to make it tight and warm, so I set the nails close together, and drove home.

"We felt a sort of relief when, in a lifeboat, we started for the shore intending to inter his remains where when each spring time returned, the grasses, huckleberry bushes, and shrub oaks would waft their sweet perfume above his lonely grave.

"But as 'trouble never comes single handed,' or 'it never rains but that it pours,' so in this case. We found that the timid inhabitants, fearing that our charge might have died of some contagious disease, would not let us land, and we were compelled to return with him.

"By the time we arrived at the ship it was late in the afternoon, and we had been totting the

corpse around all day, and our nerves were getting toned up to that pitch where we couldn't stand much more, and wern't prepared for that which followed.

"We were somewhat perplexed as to what course we should take with the body. The sea had become perfectly calm, and if we dropped him overboard we could not rid ourselves of his presence until the wind started to move our ship. The day had been extremely warm and we deemed it imprudent to keep him on board until morning, so we decided to hold the funeral at once and take him out to sea.

"The Captain, for reason best known to himself, was indisposed, so the duty of conducting the funeral service devolved upon me. The coffin was placed on two stools, and all the shipmates seated themselves around while I stood at the head and began reading the usual burial service. I read along until I came to that part which describes the resurrection: 'And the sea gave up its dead—'when I was startled by a strange noise—a kind of scratching, pulling, straining sound, and the coffin began to move. I summoned my entire force of will power and endeavored to look as composed as possible, but I invol-

untarily stepped suddenly back, which was a signal for all hands to bolt and run, some one way and some the other, until I was left alone. My hair began to rise, and the cold sweat began—”

“Didn’t you tell us,” inquired Phil, as he stood in a stooping position, having, unconsciously, partly risen from his chair, “that the person in question broke his neck when he fell from the mast head?”

“That’s what I did,” replied the narrator, “and I still maintain that he was cold and stiff, when we laid him in the coffin.

“Jack was a good honest fellow,” continued the speaker, “and I could respect him dead or alive, and I certainly had no objections to his taking an active part in the funeral services, but the situation became so extremely embarrassing, owing to the sudden departure of the mourners, that I decided to slip down and invite them back before he got out.

“I had worked myself away from the corpse about ten feet when I noticed the nails began to draw from the lid of the coffin, and it dawned upon my mind that decomposition had set in and the body was simply bursting off the lid of the box.

“When the glad news spread among the sailors



"That's what I did," replied the narrator.—Page 68.

that Jack was still dead, they reluctantly returned, but still looked suspiciously at the box and managed to keep a respectable distance from it, so I was compelled to nail on the lid myself. While we were arranging the sinkers at the foot of the coffin, night came on; unwelcomed darkness enshrouded the deep sea; the western horizon was lost amid awful gloom; the wild electric king flashed over zigzag chains, which seemed to bind the steepled clouds together, followed by tremendous peals of doleful thunder, and the whole heavens appeared to be in fury arrayed against some unseen foe. At intervals, by the broad glare of these ethereal candles, we lowered the corpse into the boat and pulled out to sea.

“Four strong men tugged at the oars while I held the rudder. When about a mile out we swung around, and from the stern of the little craft rested the coffin, waiting to take advantage of the next heavenly glare—when—feet foremost, we tipped him in, and I gave orders to pull for the ship.

“Before we had proceeded two hundred feet, an electric flash lighted up the surrounding deep, and the oarsmen, who were facing seaward, turned aghast like dead men, and their oars dropped from

their hands, as Tom Wheeler faintly gasped, "It is after us!"

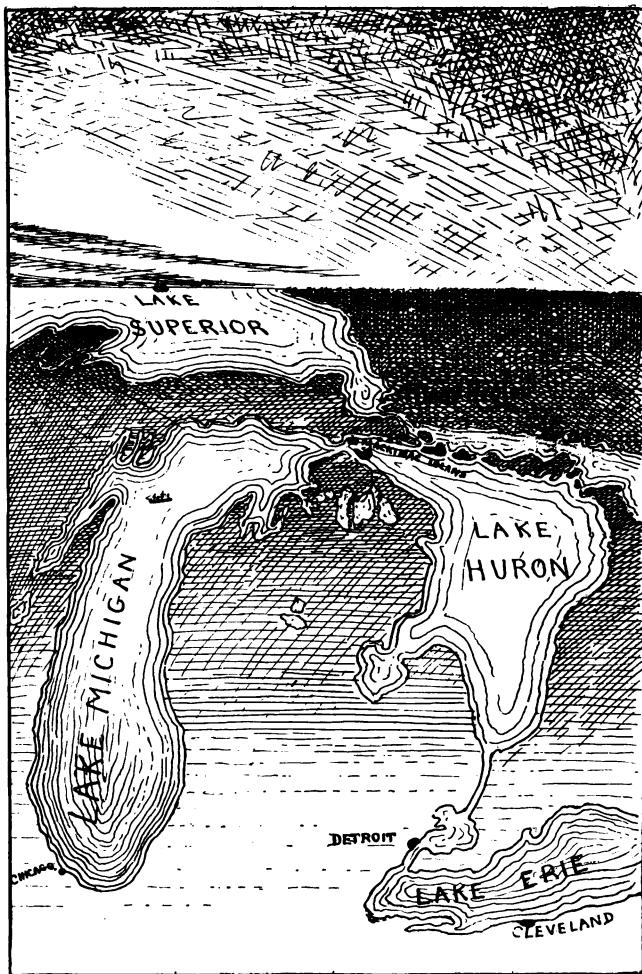
"I had just time to look over my shoulder and catch a glimpse of the coffin, which was jumping up and down on end and following close in our wake, and then the darkness overcast us again."

At this juncture, in the "Unvarnished Tale," the speaker hesitated, while the few remaining hearers mopped the cold sweat from their troubled brow, and set their teeth as if determined to endure to the end.

"I," said Captain Green, "grabbed an ax, and leaning over the stern of the boat, awaited a flash of lightning. When it came I shut my eyes, gripped my jaws together, and struck out wildly. The ax happened to hit the lid of the coffin and chipped out a piece, which allowed the compressed air to escape, and the remains of poor Jack went to the bottom with a gurgle." This ended the captain's yarn.

Next morning as our boat steamed up the St. Mary River, we took in the lovely surroundings. And as we wended our way among the little hills, which seemed to be sleeping in the soft morning

sunlight, we smiled and wondered when we thought how excited we had been, the previous evening, over a sailor's silly yarn.



SAULT STE. MARIE, OR THE "SOO."

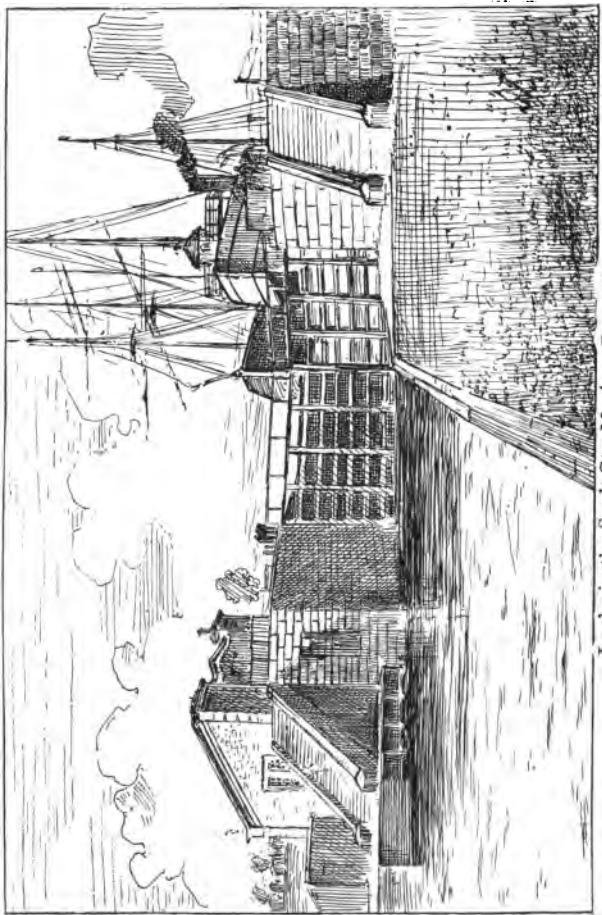
Saut is the Indian word for rapids, therefore the name implies, "The rapids of the St. Mary's River." As seen on the map, the rapids are situated about ten or fifteen miles from the outlet of Lake Superior.

Sugar Island, a tract of land of several thousand acres, which is inhabited mostly by half-breeds and Indians, lies southeast of the "Soo." The former route from Lake Huron to Lake Superior has been to pass around the Island, through Lake George, and up around the elbow of the St. Mary's River. The scenery on the winding river is quite picturesque and tourists will learn of its abandonment with regret. It has always been a source of trouble to navigators, especially in the night, as the channel is narrow, with a solid perpendicular rock surface on either side which has the appearance of having been cut through, like the Niagara

River, by wearing away of falls when the Lake Superior region must have been on a higher plane than it is now. For the last two or three years the government has been excavating a channel through the north end of the Island, which is now completed, and we came through the new American Channel on our return trip. We were informed that the new route saved steamers an hour's time, besides the other advantages before mentioned.

The two villages, on either side of the rapids, are called the American and Canadian "Soo." When we arrived at the "Soo," we didn't expect to find much, so we were not disappointed. After we had assisted Philip and his luggage to comfortable quarters, which of course took a full hour, we started for the famous Locks, which are said to be so great a sight.

Well, it is quite a sight. It works on the same plan as the raising of a chestnut which is floating in a half glass of water, to the top by pouring in more water; the chestnut representing the great steamer rising from the level of the Michigan and Erie Lakes to the level of Lake Superior. The ingenuity displayed is not so complicated but that a person of average intellect can comprehend the scheme, for when the lower gate is closed and the



Locks in the Sault Ste. Marie.—Page 78.

upper one is opened, to let in more water, vessels lying in the slip would naturally rise if the water did.

The vast amount of freight that is shipped through the Locks each day is surprising, and the one Lock, which only holds two large boats at a time, is not sufficient to accommodate them, but the American Government, and also the Canadian, are building each a new Lock, which, to my mind, is overdoing it, unless the Lake Superior region takes a sudden boom. After patiently listening to the length, breadth, height, vertical, horizontal and rectangular dimensions of the Locks, we decided to shoot the Rapids, which promised to be an exhilarating exercise, but proved to be more so than we had anticipated. The ride through the rapids is made in a canoe, manned by half-breed Indians. Bush (Buscher) was the first man who attempted to take passengers down through the rapids in a canoe, and it was his two sons whom we engaged to give us our ride. The landing from which the start is made is about halfway up the stream; from that point, the boat is paddled out into the shallow, or American side of the Rapids, and then dexterously worked up the stream. When they reach a certain point above the rapids, they row

out as far as the tourists wish to venture, and then the canoe is allowed to descend with the current while an expert at either end of the boat keeps it from upsetting. A gentleman from Detroit joined us, making five, besides the pilots. Phil seated himself in front, while we occupied the back seats. We were provided with oilcloths to protect us from the spray, and Phil spent some time in tucking one about his neck so that he considered it water-proof, while the rest of us jumped in without ceremony. When we moved out into the stream we learned that the Indians did not use their paddles in working up the rapids, but pushed the boat with long poles. After gliding past the little island they turned the canoe and faced upstream.

I think that those who have taken in the "Soo" and Rapids will agree with me that the *ascent* over the dark rushing waters, among the great boulders which can be seen on either side, makes one feel more pokerish than the rapid descent.

As the strong men tug away at the poles, and still the boat scarcely moves against the stream, it creates that kind of feeling which makes us often say, "What if something should happen?" Well, we were holding our breath in suspense, when we

heard something snap, and were horrified to see that the man in the front of the boat had broken his guiding pole. At the right lay a big rock which we could see was not more than four inches from the surface, and it required very little nautical calculation to realize that if the boat should swing that way, the rock would roll it over, and our chance for life would be small. The man called to his brother in their native tongue, and grabbed the long part of the pole and held the boat in position while the one at the stern put forth all his strength to push it forward.

We did not appear to move either way until the man with the broken pole got a firm hold against the rock, which gave us a start, and we drew near the island and worked up through the rapids with a sigh of relief.

Our guide then inquired if we wanted a very rough ride, at which I told him to give us all he could for the money. He took me at my word and pulled over near the Canadian side before making the descent. Their custom is to give a peculiar warning yell when the canoe is about to strike a big wave which is likely to send up a spray. Several times we caught a dash which was worse than we expected, but when we struck one which dashed

over the boat and half filled it with water we could hardly decide whether it was best to continue or take back water, both of which we seemed to be doing in spite of all efforts.

Phil, being in the front of the boat, fared the worst. The oilcloth which he had so carefully tucked about his neck, saved his clothes from the outer spray, but his shirt collar being quite loose allowed about two quarts of water to run down the back of his neck.

Still he thought to keep something dry, and instantly raised his feet to the seat in front of him. This imprudent move threw his entire weight upon the seat, causing it to give way, sitting him down in six inches of water. By this time we found ourselves below the rapids, gliding over a smooth surface. Phil, being the soul of good-nature, laughed as loud as any of us, declaring that his shirt bosom was still dry and that was more than the remainder of us could claim. We, of course, began to boast that we enjoyed the ride, and I presume we did, but it is the kind of enjoyment that a little goes a great ways.

After lunch we went over to the Canadian side, and made arrangements for the next day for an excursion to a trout brook, about eight miles back

in the country. Then returning we took in Fort Brady, which stands on the hill west of the "Soo."

At the Fort we were treated very courteously. We were shown about the entire premises, the guides, or escorts of one department politely turning us over to the next. The baker spared no pains to explain how the cooking was done, and invited us to wait until the next batch of biscuit was out, which we gladly accepted and were pleased to find that Uncle Sam's bill of fare was all O. K.

While making our rounds Phil discovered a huge Rocky Mountain bear, which he said, of course came from some menagerie, but when informed that the woods in that vicinity abounded with that kind of animals, he began to consider it a very serious matter. He plied our escort with several questions before he had time to answer the first one. As to how he was caught; had he ever killed a man; did they grow big as that in the woods; if discovered, would they give chase; and were there any of them over on the Canada side, where we had planned to go fishing? In his replies, our wily friend gave some rather extravagant accounts of what bears had been known to do, and Phil declared right then and there that it

would be very unsafe for us to venture into the woods, unless we were prepared to meet that class of animals.

PHILIP JUMPS FROM THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

We now considered ourselves fairly well acquainted with the wonders of the "Soo," so we returned to our hotel and got our (Phil's) baggage together and started for the Canadian side; Phil all the time talking about the bear. When we arrived on British soil we ran against a snag. We could not pass the custom house officer until our baggage had been examined, to which no one objected except Phil. He explained the matter to the officer, who did not doubt his word, that he had nothing only what was absolutely necessary for a traveling man to carry for his daily use, and a few articles in a case of emergency.

"Open them up!" said the officer, in a harsh tone, which awakened the gentleman's ire to that extent that he replied:

"I will not open them up, sir, and you have not the power to make me do it, for I am not a snugger. The contents of those trunks are my own

private affairs, and I warn you to keep your hands off."

"Oh, you greeny," replied the officer as he brought his cane down heavily upon the big trunk. "Did you never travel before? Open this baggage or I will do it myself."

"Not much," roared Phil, as he gave the officer a tremendous push, at which the Canadian turned and dealt an awful left hander, which our champion dodged and countered at his antagonist's left ear, which he missed by about an arm's length. Now the round was fairly on, and the fearful blows fell thick and heavy; each one with force enough to fell an ox, but neither being able to land, so they ceased pawing the air and clinched.

Such muttering, straining, twisting and grunting; over boxes, barrels, confiscated trunks and bundles; first one on top and then the other, until we decided to part them and save more bloodshed. Upon examination we found that the officer had a scratch on his neck, probably caused by Phil's sleeve button, and Phil's shirt collar had been ruthlessly torn out by the roots. It was all over so quickly that the whys and wherefores had not been considered, but when Phil began to realize that he had attacked, in parcel, the protective

force of Her Majesty's great dominions, he began to apologize, and it required the inexhaustive eloquence of his combined allies to assuage the temper of the hot blooded Britain, and save poor Phil from going to the lock-up. To save Phil the humiliation of having his baggage examined, we decided to return to the American side and leave it at the hotel where we had been stopping; then go back to the Algonquin House, on the Canadian side, where we had previously made arrangements to stop so as to be ready for an early start for the trout brook in the morning. Phil insisted on treating the crowd twice, which so worked on the feelings of those present that several shook his hand heartily, and declared that he had done just right, whereupon he mounted a barrel and made a little speech, in which he said:

“Gentlemen, I stand before you to apologize for a seemingly rash act. Let it be understood that we look upon you as our friends, and we have no disposition to disobey or trample upon the laws of your government. You will pardon me when you remember that we are from the ‘Land of Liberty,’ the country where every citizen’s cabin is his castle, and the law sustains him in protecting his home and his person. The contents of those

trunks are my personal effects, and when I defend them I defend my person. I have no ill feeling against your officer, it is the spirit of freedom that burns in the hearts of all true American citizens; the spirit of a John Han—”

At this point, just as he was about to soar away into John Hancock eloquence, I jerked his coat tail, and he continued thus:

“We profess to be gentlemen; we intend to be generous, and to prove my assertion, I now extend an invitation to all hands to come forward and imbibe the famous potato whisky, of which you Canadians boast, though it strikes me it is about on par with our crab-apple cider, and—”

I now jerked his sleeve, and saved another break, at which he returned to consciousness and continued thus:

“My intentions, gentlemen, are far from any desire to wound the feelings of any who glory in the thought that they are subject to, or sheltered under the protecting wing of so great a nation. That nation, whose tyrannical arm stretches out over the great seas, and under the pretext of governmental and spiritual aid, throttles all infant industries and—”

Here, I gave his coat tail a vicious jerk, and he

came down from his perch and wound up thus:

“Excuse me, gentlemen, if I have thrown out any rash insinuations, for we respect you and admire the lovely scenery which surrounds your rural homes. But do not flatter yourselves that we covet your ox or your ass, or your broad acres, for if we did, all Uncle Sam would have to do, would be to unfurl the star spangled banner and say, “Boys, plant it there,” and we would jerk off our coats and finish the job before breakfast, and—”

This was too much for even the friendly Canadians to stand, so I sprang upon the barrel and made an apology just in time to save Phil’s baggage from confiscation, and his dignified self from spending the night in the lock-up. We then hustled his baggage aboard the little steamer and started back to the United States. Phil was elated, and talked very loud to the passengers, in his explanation of his troubles, indulging in some very extravagant expressions, such as:

“I should prefer to hear the sound of the gravel upon the lid of my own coffin rather than to submit to such injustice.”

He actually shed great tears of joy, as we pulled alongside the, “Sweet Land of Liberty,” where he realized that his personal rights would not be interfered with.

I noticed that the Captain and all on board looked smilingly at us, and showed signs of concealed mirth, but we did not comprehend the significance of their acts until we had landed. When a man with brass buttons on his coat politely requested us to take our baggage into a room, which he pointed out, over the door of which we read, "Custom House Officer," Mr. Parkins began to explain, but the officer, who would hear nothing, simply said:

"Take those trunks in there and have them examined, or take them back to Canada on the next boat." Phil took in the situation at a glance. Like a peacock, with his plumage in bold array, when caught in a shower, he drooped.

I had kept a stiff upper lip until now, but I am so weakly constituted, that when anything ridiculous presents itself, I must laugh or burst, and I indulged in a tremendous outbreak. As I gave way to convulsive laughter I staggered backwards and sat down on what proved to be the head of a tar barrel, which had been standing in the sun. My countenance was soon changed to that of strange earnestness when I discovered that I was imbedded in the tar and could not get away, and the prospects were that I must leave my pants

with the barrel, or take the barrel with me. I will not fatigue the reader with further particulars concerning this personal matter, but will state, that after a thorough examination of the trunks, and I had purchased a new pair of pants, we returned to Canada and made ready for the fishing tour.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR

After refreshing ourselves with a good night's rest, in large, airy rooms with everything clean and nice about the bed and furniture, we partook of the best breakfast which we had eaten since we left home.

(The Algonquin House is somewhat on the country style, but just the place where parties from a great city can enjoy themselves.)

Phil appeared at the breakfast-table in a subdued mood. He began to realize what a fool he had made of himself the previous evening and he felt small, but he did not think that his lesson was the same in kind, only different in degree, as that which all have to learn before they know how to travel. He did acknowledge, however, that if he ever lived to get home, and should contemplate another tour, he would not take along so much confounded luggage.

The team was soon at the door, and we piled in with all our trumpery, including Phil's gun, which we could not induce him to leave behind. Our driver, a colored boy, who proved to be quite intelligent, was able to tell us all about the different kinds of trees, birds and wild beasts. The early ride was delightful. As we ascended the hills where the morning sun beamed upon us, it seemed to smile with a tenderness that gladdened our spirits. Then descending by a narrow, winding way, we found ourselves in a little vale where the soft waters of the bubbling stream emerged from the little grove of alders and formed a clear pool, in which several species of brook fish made their home.

On either side we could see and hear the voices of the feathered songsters, from the little every-day brown bird to the glossy, black-eyed blue jay, and although we could not catch them, as they flitted here and there and sang their sweet mountain songs, with no tinge of care or sorrow in its echo, it made us happy.

As we climbed the rugged hills we ran on afoot and gathered wild flowers. I gathered a large handful of juniper bushes which were so loaded with pretty berries it seemed a pity to throw them away.

There is something about "Morning in the Mountains" which I am wholly unable to describe: a glad feeling;—an assurance that God is so bountiful;—a realization that He, with ease, creates, that which we with a struggle, vainly attempt to appreciate. Then, to add to my enjoyment, the brooks, hills, valleys, flowers and songsters reminded me of "my childhood's happy home," in old New England; where the mountains rear their picturesque forms in such majestic grandeur; where the valleys teem with squirrels, birds and wild flowers; and where (methinks) the sun shines brighter than in any other land.

We traveled seven or eight miles before we arrived at Silver Creek, where we were to fish. On the way our driver gave us many object lessons concerning the names of the streams, trees, and flowers, and at last began to talk about bears. Phil had been taking things in a matter of fact way, until the bear question came up; then his anxiety was aroused, and while he professed not to be afraid of a bear, still he asked many queer questions, especially as to how the monsters killed people.

"How do they kill?" he said. "Do they hug a fellow to death at once, or do they just hug up close and then begin to eat from off the top?"



I gathered a large handful of juniper bushes.—Page 95.



Arriving at the fishing ground, we all agreed that the morning's ride, itself, had well paid us for the expense of the entire trip. Our driver instructed us to fish down the stream until we came to a bridge, and he would meet us there at 5 o'clock in the evening. He then drove away, and Phil reminded us that we were in the Canadian forest, eight miles east of the "Soo," and fifty miles west of the nearest settlement, with no intervening houses, except a few that belonged to squatters and now and then an Indian shanty.

Working our way through the thicket, we soon came upon a clear running brook, which trickled this way and that through the dense forest. In many places where the water flowed over a broad incline of shining pebbles, it was not more than six inches deep, while in others it formed pools three or four feet deep and several rods wide.

Across the stream, fallen logs lie in every direction, while on either side the ground is covered with a dense growth of underbrush. It didn't look much like a place to fish, as the hooks would float under the logs and get tangled and the slightest jerk of the line would throw them into the branches overhead, but we decided to try our luck. Sam had his hooks baited first, and dropping them into a

dark nook, felt the pole tremble and jerking it up quickly he swung two nice trout over the limb.

They looked nice up there, and we were elated to think that we had caught two already, but in trying to get them down it scared all the other fish, and we did not get them down at that. At last he pulled the limb down almost to him, when the line broke, and I presume that the fish are up there yet.

We were troubled in this way all day; first our hooks would get caught under a log, then we would throw them over a limb, then the butt of our fish poles would get caught under the roots of a tree. Then the bark would slip from a wet, rotten log, letting one of us down straddle of it, to stop so suddenly as to almost dislocate the spinal column.

Sometimes we would wade in the stream and then we would try the bank, and whichever route one took he would wish he had taken the other, but to say that it was good fishing, does not half express it. There were no other fish in the brook except the speckled trout, and they were not large, as the largest we caught did not weigh over a quater of a pound, but one could catch enough for a fry in a few minutes.

We went laughing, talking and splashing along, and did not half try to fish, and still our count for the day was 229 nice speckled trout. Several times we found tracks in the sand where some large animal had been down to the water's edge, but on examination we decided it to be the tracks of a large dog, which probably accompanied some band of courageous sportsmen, like ourselves. It made Phil quite nervous, but as the day wore on he forgot himself and became enthusiastic over the good luck we were having.

I was the only one that was accustomed to the woods, and explained to them that we were not traveling as fast as it seemed. The bridge we were heading for was about five miles from where we started in, and when we stopped to eat our lunch I do not think we had covered one and one half miles, and yet they insisted that we must be almost there. All day long I was ahead, knowing what we had before us; Phil was away behind, complaining that we did not catch one quarter of the fish that we might; while Billy and Sam made less noise and caught more fish.

About three o'clock Sam surprised us by holding up a flask of old bourbon whisky. We

were very tired and wet, and it looked mighty tempting I braced up and spoke my little piece, how that I had always made it a rule, *never* to indulge, except in the evening, but I waded right back and was easily persuaded to partake of the forbidden fruit, and Phil drank even more moderately than myself, owing to the fact of his not getting there until I had imbibed.

Phil took occasion to mention that he had been startled several times by hearing the bushes crack, which must have been caused by some large animal, and he doubted very much if the tracks we had seen were dog tracks.

“Wolves,” he said, “were the most treacherous animals on earth, and if there were two hundred within a stone’s throw of us, we would not know it two minutes before we were eaten up hide and hair.”

I took it upon myself to expound wolf-ology; how that they had never been known to attack any one in the day time; that they were like owls and cats which traveled in the dark. Sam remarked that it was about as dark as night, which was true, for although the sun was shining brightly yet the forest was so dense overhead that only now and then could we see a streak of its welcome

light. The stream was getting wider as we descended, and if such a thing *could* be, the fish more plentiful, and we had already more than would likely be dressed.

Phil examined his gun and declared his intention of working his way to the bridge, as we were due there at 5 o'clock, and it was already after three. He had managed, thus far, by crossing the brook back and forth, and picking his way through the under brush which lined the banks, to get along without getting much wet. Sam and Billy were soaked to their knees, and I had accidentally sat down in the brook several times, so we decided to keep on paddling down the stream, occasionally dropping our hooks into the little dark pools, and capturing the funny little speckled inhabitants of that clear running brook. We had been fishing perhaps ten minutes, when we heard the report of a gun, and Phil's well known voice as he shouted: "A bear, a bear!" then another report, and he came rushing through the thicket and plunged headlong into the creek, in which he lost his hat, gun and everything that was not fastened to his person. He did not stay there long, for he was not sure that his antagonist was dead. At first he had the drop on the bear, but now, having dis-

charged both barrels of his gun, if the bear followed he would have the drop on Mr. Parkins, and to be dropped upon by a she-bear was an adventure which he did not hanker for.

Phil understood the unscrupulous character of the enemy that was bringing up the rear, and he made some desperate moves, as a man will make when he is trying to run forward, while he is looking backward, expecting to see that which he hopes he will not see.

We could not see into the thicket, but could see the bushes shake and hear the limbs crack, but it was impossible to know whether the animal was coming towards us, going from us, or rolling around in the throes of death. We raised our fish poles as weapons of defense and shouted to him to run to us for protection. I hardly know just how we expected to protect him, for we had nothing with which to defend ourselves, unless it was our revolvers, and they were wet and might not have been of any use. I think, that as I had bragged so much about my being a dead shot, they all relied upon me to do the killing, but, somehow—just then—well, I felt too bashful to assume the responsibility, and my legs, which are my best friends in a case of emergency, advised a hasty retreat.



We could not see into the thicket.—Page 104.

For once, in my life, I thanked my lucky stars that I had been brought up in the mountains, and had learned to run faster in the thicket than in the straight road, and a ray of hope dawned on my mind as I thought how grateful Phil would be if I left my fish pole for his protection, while I rushed forward to give the alarm.

While we hesitated we heard a strange sound in the bushes on the opposite bank, and we made a wild break into the woods on the same side of the stream which Phil came from. This was an imprudent move, but we made it without consideration, as one is liable to do when his composure has been disturbed. We struggled through the under-bush and struck a hard beaten path, when to our horror we encountered something coming directly toward us. It was running, and apparently following the path.

At the first glimpse we discovered that it was black, and the awful realization that our fishing excursion had terminated in a bloody tragedy, loomed up before us, and we took advantage of the last act to display the grandeur of our heroic natures before the curtain fell. Our revolvers did not come in play for two reasons: first, we were too far away to have the bullets take effect; second, we did not

care to wait until the animal came near. I plunged into the bushes where it was so dense that I could not see three feet ahead of my nose, and they followed.

I fell over a big log where the grass seemed to have been trodden down, and Sam and Bill fell on top of me. Before we had time to realize it, the animal was upon us, over us, passed us and gone. As it passed out of sight, over the little hill, I noticed that it had a long tail which stuck straight up in the air. I at once began to mistrust—as the panorama of imagination was gently withdrawn, and the avenues of reason again opened up before me, I felt funny. I wondered if the genealogy of the Richardson family had ever before produced such a striking illustration of heroism. We were not long in doubt as to what kind of an animal it was, for soon we discovered that in tumbling over the log we had landed on the calves' stamping ground, and we were daubed from head to foot. When we returned to the brook and related our findings to Phil, he said:

"There, I thought it was the first bear that I had ever seen with horns."

It was then after four o'clock and we were wet, tired and hungry, and hadn't a drop of stimulant

to shorten the journey, so we started down the stream Indian file. I led the way, and it was a rough, long and serious one, but we reached the bridge at last, and while we were waiting for the team we began summing up.

Phil's necktie, not proving to be fast colors, had stained his shirt bosom until it looked as if he had had the nosebleed; besides, he had lost his hat. Sam, in his rush for safety over the log, had broken both suspenders and ripped one pant leg almost to his body. Billy looked very well for a wet man, but during the excitement of trying to escape from the bear, he had lost his revolver, and eaten so many berries (of which the bushes were loaded) that he said he felt awfully squeamish. I had run my nose against a dry limb, which made it look and feel very uncomfortable, and I was also daubed up with several kinds of stain, the cattle stain being the most prominent shade; besides, the *set* was all taken out of my new pants, and they did not look as fresh as the ones I left on the tar barrel.

“The anticipation,” said Sam, “of all kinds of adventures must be far greater than the realization”

“But,” said Billy, “when we come to relate the

thrilling adventure—there is where the fun will come in."

"Fun!" broke in Phil, "do you call it fun to go home and tell a lie about this business? Certainly it won't do to tell the truth. Honestly, boys, I would not have experienced the fright I got from that cursed calf for five hundred dollars, to say nothing of going in swimming with my clothes on, so mighty unexpectedly. Then to think that I have been practicing with a rifle for the last four months until I could hit a bull's eye two hundred yards, and when I came face to face with a brown calf, not more than twenty feet from me, I blazed away and missed her. Great Scott, Bill, you can tell about *your* thrilling adventures, but I shall keep still. What do you think, M. A.?"

"Well, really," I said, "I don't know. I am a great hand for fun, and nothing is more comical than to hear a man tell a joke on himself, now you see—"

"Wait a bit," said Phil. "Now M. A., you can tell all the jokes on yourself that you please, but you will do me an especial favor to leave my name out. I am already the victim of one little joke that has cost me three bottles of wine and any number of boxes of candy; besides, such things are

so extremely embarrassing, especially if one is trying to appear genteel.

"Sometimes the ladies where I room have callers, and on such occasions they often invite me in to have a game of euchre. If I get interested in a lady or gentleman, perhaps on some serious subject, they are sure to begin to talk about full moon, and Oh, how quickly it makes me begin to sweat. I honestly believe that I have perspired more than ten barrels of moisture over that "full moon business."

"What about the full moons?" we all inquired.

"O, it was nothing," said he, "nothing compared to this bear business, and still people have teased me unmercifully about it. Now isn't my plan the best, M. A?"

"Oh, Phil, if I could not tell the story when I get back to Chicago, I should not live through the winter. Why, Phil, if I had your chromo, taken just as you looked when you emerged from the woods, with that she-bear at your heels, I would call it, 'The Lucky Escape,' and use it to—"

"Hold on there!" broke in Phil, "if we had yours taken when you were fast to the tar barrel, we would name it, 'The Unlucky Hold.'"

"Yes," said Sam, "but wouldn't it be more life-

like if taken just as we were extracting him from his pants?"

"Why didn't we think," said Bill, "to buy the tar barrel, pants and all, and take them back to Chicago, and have them placed in the Dime Museum?"

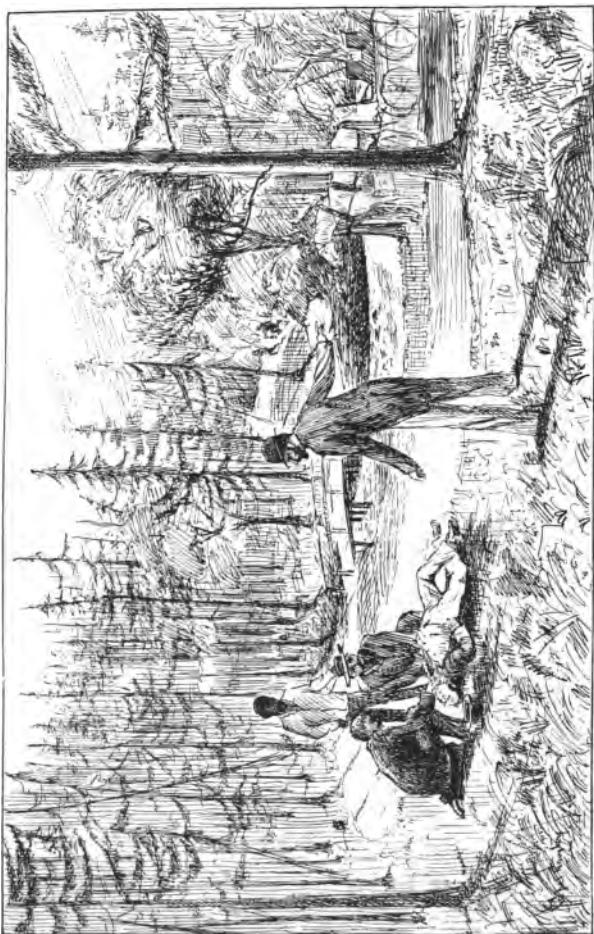
"The barrel could be exhibited with the pants grown fast to it, and M. A. could stand on the platform without the pants on, and—"

Just then Phil, who had been lying on the grass, sprang to his feet, and yelled "Help! Help!" as he rushed into the road, his face presenting a picture of contortions such as I had never before witnessed. Just as it happened, Bob, our teamster, who had come to take us home, arrived, and we all rushed to Phil's assistance.

My first thought was that his heart had been pierced by a bullet from one of those noiseless air guns, and that his murderer was a skulking Indian. But Sam, who was well informed on all subjects, seemed also to understand how fits attacked people, and he cried, "Lay him on his back! lay him on his back!"

"Oh, don't! Oh, don't!" roared Phil. "Get it out, get it out! or I shall die! Its—"

Then he began grating his teeth like a raving



"Get it out, or I shall die."—Page 112.

maniac, while he gripped hold of his clothes until the muscles on his arms, and the cords in his neck, stood out like ox-bows. I caught his glassy eyes as he gasped.

"M. A., have mercy on me, get me a knife and cut—"

Then a new fit seemed to seize him and he changed one hand to another position and gripped harder than before. All the while he was holding on to his pants leg, near his body, and as we threw him on his back it made matters worse, as he appeared to have lost his grip, and was struggling to get a new hold on his back, then around on his left side, near his heart, and I concluded that the disease was working towards his vitals, where it would culminate in instant death.

Again he called for a knife, and I concluded that he wanted me to cut his throat and put him out of his misery, and of course I stood dumfounded.

Bill took in the situation more reasonably, and thought that he wanted his neck band cut, as he was suffocating. Drawing his hunting knife, which he had forgotten in the bear scrape, he began ripping open the back of his coat and vest and we soon had him partially disrobed, when out ran a little green snake about eight

inches long. We looked at each other in astonishment, but the picture had been so awfully real that we could not smile, or at least, not until reaction had set in. Again we had been the victims of a horrible fright, and still we could not blame Phil, for all will agree, that to have a snake wriggle up one's spinal column, even though it be a small snake, would produce a mighty unpleasant sensation.

After the excitement was over I turned to look for the things we had left on the bank, and to my surprise, everything was gone, the fishing tackle, Sam's shoes, and our lovely string of fish. Down the road we discovered two half-breed Indians, escaping with our property, whom we did not have the courage to follow, so we lost all of our game. After we had gotten Phil's clothes togged up we started for the "Soo," hardly prepared to boast "Fisherman's Luck," as many tourists are able to do.

PHILIP GETS LEFT

When we arrived at the Algonquin, Phil began to fidget about his washing which he had left the previous morning at a laundry on the west side.

As our boat was to leave at 8 o'clock in the morning he concluded that he might not have time to attend to it then, so he decided to go and get it at once. Returning later, he informed us that the laundry was closed and he could not learn where the folks lived. I relieved his anxiety by promising to wake him early in the morning that he might go in search of his linen, while I would go to the hotel and have his baggage taken to the boat. This arrangement did not exactly please him, for his nature was late to bed and late to rise, but it was the only thing to be done, so he consented. About half past four o'clock the sun peeped in through the lace curtains and I sang out:

“Hello, Phil!”

“A-h-w,” was the responsive grunt, and I continued:

“Phil!”

“Yaw-aw-aw-aw,” and his voice died away like the sound of a distant express train as it enters the underground tunnel.

“Phil! Phil!” said I sharply.

“Yes! yes!” was his quick reply, and he actually drew up one leg and then continued his snoring.

“Snore away then,” said I, “this is the last call for breakfast, and I have no doubt that you will get left, as it is only about twenty minutes before the boat leaves. I shan’t call you again.”

“Why! why! I didn’t think it was late,” said he as he rose to his elbow; then catching a glimpse of the sun he said:

“Certainly, M. A., you must be exaggerating now, for the sun is but just over the hill, and I can’t afford to be hustled out in this way for the sake of a few linens.”

“Then what did you bring them for?” I inquired.

“Bring them for?” said he, “why, I brought them to wear; do you think a man can travel without shirts?”

“Buy a clean one when you need it,” said I.

“Buy a clean one?” said he, “why, don’t you

know that any garment that fits me at the shoulders trails on the floor, and if I should buy a dozen I could not use them when I got home."

"Then," says I, "you could use them as sleeping gowns or you could lend them to the women folks to wear as over-all when they dusted the parlors."

"How indecent!" he exclaimed as he rose up in bed. "Do you think that I would insult a lady by—"

"Nonsense," says I, "You are a cranky old bachelor and don't want to be accommodating; you know that any little thing like the loan of a garment from a gentleman like you, would be appreciated by—"

"Do shut up," said he as he bounded out of bed and touched the bell for the servant who was to prepare his early breakfast.

I now realized that I had him thoroughly aroused and I began to snicker.

"Laugh," said he; "you think you have said something cunning, but I want you to understand that I respect the ladies and would not deride them."

"Are you mad, Phil?" said I.

"No'p," was the quick response, as he began jerking away at his pants.

"Phil," said I in a conciliating tone, "I have half a notion to go down to breakfast with you."

"If you would I should enjoy it very much," he said as he began to smile.

As we entered the dining room he said, "I am so thankful, M. A., that you kept at me until you got me up, for I surely should have overslept had you not got me mad."

After Sam, Billy and myself had landed his baggage safely on the steamboat we seated ourselves on deck to enjoy the cool of the morning while we waited for our companion. We did not expect him early, as we presumed the laundry would not be open before 7 o'clock, but when 7:30 came we began to get anxious and made inquiries as to just what time the boat would leave. The captain informed us that it would start precisely at 8 o'clock, and if we had a friend ashore we had better be looking him up. He said he would sound the last call five minutes before he pulled in the plank, which would give us time to run from any part of the village. As we were talking Phil arrived, all out of breath, saying that the drones at the laundry had not put in an appearance, but he had learned where they lived which was back on the bluffs, to which place Sam volunteered to run and

rout them out. Billy and I accompanied him to the laundry, which we found open, but was in possession of the laundry girls, who knew nothing about the business, but, as Phil afterwards said, were good girls, who naturally felt interested in a gentleman's behalf.

There were five or six of them, all young, buxom lasses who had not arrived at that uncertain age from where man is looked upon suspiciously.

With mirthful faces they hurried around, bringing on all the different packages, reading the names of those that were marked and allowing Phil to examine those which had no name on them. Phil conducted the examination with as much care as a lawyer would examine an abstract, while he expounded to them some kind of shirtology which I could not hear, but seemed to enlist their sympathy. Not finding it, one of them suggested that it might have been sent around to the hotel, where we had been stopping. It was then near 8 o'clock and we told Phil that we must leave at once, but I volunteered to run around to the hotel while they looked over the packages once more. Upon my return they had found the right package, which he had sorted out and laid on the counter. It agreed with his count, but he was not satisfied that it was

his, as the neck band looked too small, so he suggested that he be allowed to step into a side room and try it on. The girls explained that there were no adjoining rooms to the laundry, but one of them suggested that they measure the neck band, as she had a tape measure handy, while another eager assistant quickly produced the yardstick, and both hastily proceeded to fulfill the requirements at the same time. Girl No. 1 took no chances on mathematical calculations, but ran the tape, the best she could, around the band, then nipping the exact spot with her thumb and finger she ran to the light and began calling out: "Exactly eighty-four—eighty-five, eighty-two—no, wait a moment—exactly—eighty-seven, eighty-six—eighty-one, eighty-two.

"Yes, that's right, exactly eighty-four and three-sixteenths inches." The announcement caused us to burst out laughing, which much disturbed Phil, and greatly embarrassed the girl, who had evidently measured from the wrong end of the tape line. Girl No. 2 in the meantime had placed her yardstick across the top of the band and then multiplied the diameter by, I think she said, three and two-elevenths and thirty-nine and one-ninth of sixty-one four-thousands (3 2-11 and 39 1-9 of 61-



"The Parkins' and the Perkins' are two distinct families."—Page 125.

4000), which gave the result as eight and twenty-two sixteenths inches (8 22-16), with a fraction to spare.

“Parkins,” said I, and I spoke sharp enough to cause a mastiff to crouch, “do you know that it is seven minutes to eight?”

He didn’t scare worth a cent, but turning to me began:

“Mr. R —, I have heretofore regarded you as a gentleman who was able to control—”

“Try on your shirt! if you want to,” exclaimed Billy, at the same time starting towards him, as if he intended to enforce the issue, but even that did not phase him, for turning to him he calmly said:

“Outrageous—then you propose a change of linen in the presence of—”

“Mr. Perkins,” softly ventured girl No. 1, who had apparently found the other end of her tape line, “I—”

“Parkins, if you please, not Perkins; the Perkins’ and the Parkins’ are two distinct families, although I have been informed that the two names originated—”

“*Boo woo woo woo*,” came the sound from the steamer’s whistle, and we three started on a run towards the dock, leaving our unfortunate (or for-

tunate) friend among the pretty girls. As we ran away Phil followed us into the street and cried out:

“I will take the overland train and meet you at the Mackinac Landing.”

VOYAGE THROUGH ETERNITY, AMONG OTHER WORLDS.

The "Manitou" was due in Chicago at 7 o'clock P. M., but owing to some disarrangements in her machinery, was about eight hours late.

Some two hundred passengers were on board, many of whom were from Chicago. We had become acquainted with several tourist parties who were also on their way home, and a general gaiety prevailed, which caused us to extend the evening into the morning hours.

Even then we were loth to retire, as we knew that this was our last evening out, and that on the morrow we should be back in our old tracks, where one day is not unlike another. Day after day we eat at the same table, walk the same streets, sleep in the same bed, see the same faces, and go the usual rounds of life. And although it may be the kind of existence which we were destined for, still

this wearing away of life, each day like so many ticks of the clock, click, click, click, produces a feeling in the human heart which often causes the most intelligent to pause and say:

“For what was I made—is this all there is to life?—if so, it would have been better that I had existed without knowledge; that this poor human heart had never known the sorrow which we so painfully realize, or the happiness which seems to pass before us like golden rays of light, softened by the mists of some unseen fountain of love, but which ever exists beyond our sphere.”

I was playing a six handed game with a party from La Porte, Ind., all of whom were well-informed, and being on their return from an extensive tour in the Lake Superior regions, gave us some interesting accounts of their travels. I was just aching to tell of our encounter with the bear, but Phil sat near looking so genteel, and as his soft blue eye caught my sharp glance he appeared to appeal to my sympathy, not to indulge in any of my (as he considered) exaggerations.

“Come this way, Mr. Parkins,” I said, “and let me introduce you to my new acquaintances.”

He executed his part of the formal introduction in that easy and graceful manner with which

nature has gifted only a few persons. From his appearance, none would have thought that he had so recently been the victim of such terrible sea-sick upheavals; engaged in a fistic encounter with one of the Queen's guards; or chased by a real bear, so I did not mention the subject.

As the conversation became more interesting the game began to drag, and we soon found ourselves holding our cards in our hands and listening to Professor Mott, of Hamburg, who had traveled extensively in the interest of science, and was then on his way to the Rocky Mountains, where he hoped, owing to the clear, rare atmosphere, to be able to gain some additional knowledge of our sister planet Venus.

The professor was German not only by birth, but by nature. He saw no harm in a social game or a glass of wine. He spoke highly of the Puritan element which had given character and stability to the inhabitants of this new world, but he did not regard the Sabbath in just the light that they did, neither was he thoroughly orthodox in his religious views, but his faith in God was as simple as that of a child.

"We exist now," he said, "we shall always exist; we are changing now, we shall always

be changing. Our life here, brief as it is, tends to the higher. If we do right we move onward, upward and become better, purer and holier each day, but if we do wrong, downward, and it will ever be the same. I have spent my entire life," he continued, "in searching the house 'not made with hands,' and often while exploring new fields, when I discover the hitherto unknown glories of God's bountiful Kingdom, and my soul ventures out into the great unknown, I sometimes wish that I could linger there and not return to this feeble house of clay."

He invited us on deck that he might explain to us some of the wonders of the Universe in which we exist, and of which our little world is such an insignificant atom.

"I have not the power of God, and I cannot explain the mysteries of the heavens," he said as we rose to follow him, "but I will point out to you some facts of the existence of God's hand which you who have not had an opportunity to investigate, probably might not believe. I perceive now that when I attempt to prove to you that other worlds are inhabited, some of you may doubt, but you ought not, as the proof is so positive that it not only *might* be so, but it *could not* be otherwise.

"Scientists have learned that similar causes produce similar effects. For instance, when we find a cause in one part of the earth which produces a certain effect, we have found that the same cause, under the same conditions, will produce the same effect on another part of the earth. In the bottom of the sea, up in the cloud, or on the land, the law never fails. Christ, the great law-giver of our world, said it was so, and so we find it."

All strangers as we were, we seated ourselves so huddled together that it appeared quite like a family circle. We joked and talked as freely as old acquaintances, and in fact we were friends, for often a friendship formed under such circumstances, even if we were never to meet again, gives the kind one a place in the stranger's heart, ever to linger there.

"My dear friends . . . professor, as he began to unfold a small round map, "this map gives the supposed shape, or appearance of the universe, as it would appear to one viewing from outer space.

"This may, or may not be the appearance, but from the fact that astronomers have found the starry depths to be more densely populated in certain directions than others, has led them to believe

that the Universe may be shaped something like an egg. Living on this earth, as we do, and looking out into the great heavens, the appearance to our human eye is that we live on the central, and only *great* world in the Universe. Around us sails a beautiful orb, called the Moon. This lovely escort is not able to make the entire trip in one day, but lags behind about one hour, and has been traveling in that way for unknown ages. Around this world, also moves another, a different and more powerful orb, but it is farther away from us, and each morning as it makes its appearance, the inhabitants have become accustomed to call it one day. Outside of these two bodies we look upon a shell, or globe which also seems to circle around us, and when the sun does not dazzle our eyes, we can see that it is thickly studded with bright lights, or holes through the canopy into the regions of light. Five of these bright lights appear to be on the move, but their movements are unimportant, except that at certain periods they return to their former positions. For hundreds and perhaps thousands of generations the majority of the human inhabitants believed that this was the true state of affairs. As the ages rolled on, God sent unbelievers into this world who said, 'Let us in-

vestigate, and if we find that things are not as they appear, we may find a path which will lead us in the right direction.'

"But the wise men objected and said, 'If you dare doubt these sacred truths, as handed down by our forefathers, we will brand you as an enemy to the human family, and will have you put to death.' The so-called wise men of those days objected to investigation on the ground that it was a blow aimed to destroy the truth.

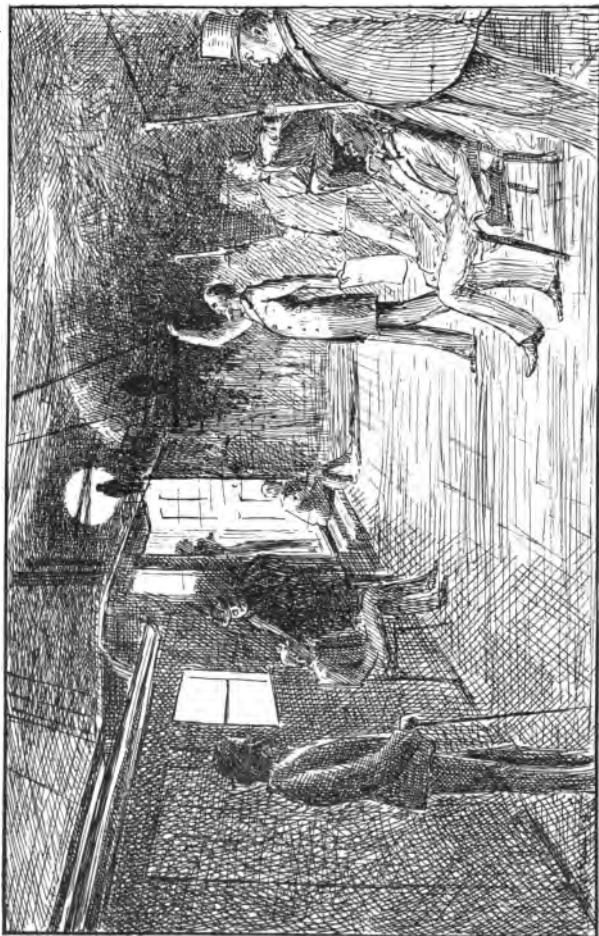
"They took precisely the same ground as many of the so-called great men of the churches of this world take to-day, who through their influence have caused the church to exclude from communication some of the most intelligent of God's faithful servants. I believe that the day is near at hand when science, simple science, will reveal to the human family that not only the soul exists after death, but that it holds communication with the soul of the living through a strange medium which, as yet, we are unable to comprehend. He or she who searches out the medium whereby one mind holds its influence over another has struck the keynote, and the door will open. The departed will step in, brush aside the veil of darkness and reveal the fact that death is not, as we had supposed, our enemy, but is, and always was, our mutual friend.

“Now, dear friends, the science of astronomy has taught us that nothing is as it appears, and able thinkers have long contended that death was governed by the same law. God gave us our eyes and other senses as a local convenience for temporary use, but the mind must look for spiritual and eternal truths.

“Thus we have learned that the moon and the sun do not rise and set, and the heavenly canopy does not move around us, but the world which appears to be standing still is revolving on its axis, which causes the deceit; that the moving stars are not wandering about aimlessly but are planets like our own, belonging to our solar system, and are doubtless inhabited like our own world; that the stars which we see in the heavens are not one millionth part of the stars which existed there; and that our world is only one of the millions of millions of similar worlds which inhabit space, and that at least one of those worlds is inhabited. Now I propose to take you there and show you the strange people, which are not so unlike ourselves as one might expect them to be.”

The professor hesitated a moment, and then continued thus:

“One planet of all those millions in the great



"Suppose now, that we were far away beyond the stars of night."—Page 137.



heavens, we know to be the abode of human beings like ourselves. I say this because I am able to prove to your satisfaction that such is the case; not only can I show to you the world on which they live, but I can show you something of their habits and how they exist. It is not unlike the other worlds, but it is the only one that astronomers have been, as yet, able to explore.

“In order to make it seem real to you, it is essential that you know in what part of God’s Heavenly Universe that world is situated. As you move onward with me on the wings of thought, we shall be permitted to look to the right and to the left and see something of the glories of God, as they are seen and known to be, by scientists who spend their lives in searching out the marvelous truths and mighty wonders of the great universe to which we belong.

“Suppose now,” he said, as he held the map behind him and looked up into the heavens, “that we were far away beyond the stars of night. So far that this Universe looked like a cluster of minute shining specks. Then, on the wings of thought as we began to approach the cluster we discovered that the nearest of these bright points was moving, and soon we saw that others were moving,

and finally learned that none of them were stationary, but that the entire cluster was working like a stupendous complicated mechanism, and that the speck-like points which we had first discovered were mighty glowing orbs, each surrounded by a great family of helpless offspring.

"As we drew near, the great suns appeared to separate—great gaps opened up between them, until they stood out singly, millions of millions of miles apart. It was like entering a forest in which the trees, at a distance, seemed to be in one solid bunch, but as one passes the boundaries, single specimens appear on either side, and one hardly realizes that he is entering it until he finds himself among the great trees where the outlook is similar on all sides.

"We were now gliding along on the wings of thought accompanied by an angel, who seemed to have joined us after we had entered the Universe, and like one in a dream, we did not wonder from whence he came, neither did we think it strange. We did not question his authority, neither were we startled when he explained that this boundless wealth of glory was to be our future home. Our hearts were sad when we learned that of all this mighty do-

main, we would be permitted to explore only one tiny world, the one which we had started out to find.

“Amidst that starry galaxy we paused, and for a moment our vision was expanded, that we might behold the heavens as they really exist. We saw that all the heavenly bodies were moving in elliptic or circular orbits and although they were crossing and re-crossing each other’s paths, still there was no confusion. Exact law and harmony seemed blended together in such a way as to render sweet peace, that peace which we can conceive of only in absolute rest. The nearer globes appeared to be plunging through space with a rapidity of which we were unacquainted, while those farther away moved less rapidly and many were so far away that they appeared at rest. But we were informed that all were moving at a rate from 200 to 3,000 miles a moment; carrying with them their train of planets and comets, which were huddled under the protecting wing of the great orb.

“In some cases we saw double globes, or suns, which were revolving around each other, while the planets of each hovered around their own mother sun. Again three and four suns, then little groups appeared to be banded together, and lastly we dis-

cerned that there were great star clusters, which we first supposed to have been single stars. Of these there were many hundred, and we were told that each cluster contained thousands of suns with their planets, all belonging to one family and traveling in one body, while the cluster itself was but one of the millions of orbs which take part in the infinite array of the heavenly hosts.

"Just when we felt that our cup of wonder was, even now, full, greater glories we beheld. In many of those star systems, or clusters, we discovered that there were stars of all colors, like the many tints of the rainbow. In many instances they looked not unlike a casket of precious gems. There were green, red, yellow, purple, blue, orange, russet, lilac and probably all the colors with which we are acquainted, and it is readily conceived that the blending together of the different colors would form other colors, perhaps such as would be strange to us.

"As we sped onward in search of that one world which we intended to explore, we looked above, below, around, and it was all the same. Sometimes we passed through a wilderness of darkness which divided worlds of life, then passed great lights which were the source of life to the

inhabitants of the worlds which traveled in that heavenly train.

“We neared one of those star clusters and soon found ourselves passing through its very center. All the mighty chasms of darkness were seen no more; we were in the regions of eternal day.

“We caught glimpses of those unknown worlds, on which were mountains whose tops were not bleak and cold, but clad in garlands of glorious life. On one side of the mountain the blue morning sun was beaming its soft tints over a peaceful bosom of enchanted nature, beneath which frolicked crystal streams adown the winding vales, which wider grew as they neared the heaving sea. On the other side the evening orange sun lingered upon the higher hill tops, causing dark shades in the deeper glens—valleys of peace - cradles of sweet rest. The sea heaved gentle swelling waves, tinted with dazzling hues from colored suns, upon the shores where precious gems reflected far the blending harmony of an unknown world.

“And I said to the angel, ‘Surely this must be the abode of eternal life. Oh that I could linger one moment and behold its loveliness, that I might never doubt again!’ And the angel said: ‘Look and thou shalt see.’

“And I looked down through, as it were, a dark shady glen, but I could not see on either side. Far away in the distance I beheld a shady bower, in which stood men, women and children, waiting,—what they were waiting for I could not understand. Beyond, I saw a habitation where spires gleamed in dazzling array. Upon the border of that habitation I saw a stately mansion which was beautiful to look upon, and from it emerged a group of eight,—four of the stronger and four of the weaker sex, followed by a group of friends. Tenderly in their hands they bore a burden of garlands gay, from which drooped wreaths of flowering vines, and as they neared the shady groves they rested the burden upon a mound of new-made earth.

“While I gazed with wondering admiration they raised the vine-clad cover, exposing to my view a plain coffin, which four others lowered into the grave, and the friends which followed near bowed low with grief, and I conceived that they were human, and that the loveliness which surrounded their abode did not exempt them from pain and death.

“My heart was sad and I turned to the angel and asked;

“Of all these countless worlds of glory is there not one where light and life reigns supreme over darkness and death?” The angel replied:

“Eternal life is for all; death is the great deliverer from the bonds of clay. All suffering originates in the material body; all happiness in the spiritual body; blessed are they whose sufferings are over. Rough rolling waves purify the water; cold boisterous winds purify the atmosphere; and suffering and sorrow purify the soul; why art thou sad?”

“I turned to look at the beautiful world once more, but it was far away and we were continuing our journey through space.

“Emerging from that region of eternal day, we soon found ourselves passing over immense depths of darkness again, where often a strange feeling came over us, as if we were near some majestic tomb of the sleeping dead, and I wondered if we might not be near some slumbering sun, which had lived its life of ten million times ten million years; whose fires of youth had not only ceased to shine, but its embers of old age had at last ceased to glow, and now it was passing, with all its satellites, through that strange scene we call death. Sleeping, waiting in that dreamless state of peace

until it should be called forth to that brighter, higher life than that of its former existence.

“As we flitted over heaven’s boundless domain we often neared great solar systems whose strange but beautiful light cheered our path for an instant, then we were in starlight again.

“Weary of our journey through the great heavens we found our course directing us towards a solitary sun, and not a large sun, for there were many much more brilliant than the one we were approaching. Between us and the system where we hoped to explore the strange world, was a mighty chasm—a noiseless, cold, starlight void. Across this awful void the distance was so great that a body, if traveling ten million miles a moment, could not accomplish the journey in ten years, and still while crossing this dark abyss we met a heavenly nomad plodding along its lonely journey.

“As the strange object approached us, we discovered it to be a great company of small material worlds traveling on together. The number of these tiny worlds was countless; the space occupied for them to pass was thousands of miles, and the length of the train was many times more than its breadth and depth. I turned to the angel and inquired:

“ ‘Where did they come from; where are they going; what attraction keeps them from separating; and what power impels them on?’

“He answered, ‘God.’”

INHABITANTS OF A STRANGE WORLD

“After passing the stranger (comet) we bore down upon the solar system, one of whose worlds we were to explore, and see, and converse with the strange inhabitants. As we neared the mighty orb a dazzling light shone upon us and we could distinctly see the planets plying their course around the central light. Some of the planets were beautiful, being adorned with golden bands and surrounded by a family of satellites of their own.

“Only one of the planets were we permitted to visit and from what we learned there we must judge of what might be found on the millions of others. From the direction in which we came we discovered that the world was white—it glimmered in the far-off starlight like one vast sea of glass.

“It seemed to have but one motion, that of being hurled forward on its course around the sun, but as we came nearer we discovered a tiny dark body nestling close to it, and soon we could see that the

world was whirling around on its axis like a top.

"The sea of glass did not extend over the entire planet, but a great belt around the center of it was strewn with lakes, rivers and oceans, which covered a great part of the globe, but the remainder was land. The land consisted of hills, valleys, mountains and plains, which were the abode of many kinds of animals. Some of the animals were small, others large; some were blind, others could see; some had one mouth, others had a hundred. They flew, hopped, ran and swam. Some of them had more than a hundred legs and some less; sixteen, twelve, eight, six, four, two, and some had no legs at all.

"Human beings walked the earth who spoke many strange languages, but for the time we were permitted to understand them. The world was small, or at least so, compared to those we had viewed in the distance. The inhabitants, as a lot, were strange creatures, but the human family, although many of them were small in stature, being not two feet tall, yet some of them were very intelligent. The large ones appeared to govern the small ones, but they did not, as a rule, harm them, but were often found protecting them at the hazard of their own lives.

“Many of the people wore garments made of grass, herbs and bushes, others used those made of animals, and in some cases they ground the grasses and the animals in together, which made quite a nobby suit, worn very extensively by the fair sex.

“Some of the animals ate each other and others lived on herbs, but the people lived on both, although they did not eat the animals when they were alive.

“The people were black—black as jet, except those who had apparently changed their color. It appeared that the human inhabitants had been introduced on the world in primeval days when the world was enveloped in a foggy cloud, which caused it to be dark, and their color was intended to compare with the surroundings, but as the world became lighter the people began to bleach out, until the more energetic were white, and some had pink eyes and white hair.

“Their laws were badly complicated, especially their civil laws. They seemed to me to be a kind of circulating medium to absorb the means of two aggrieved parties. As long as each party provided means to keep their part of the machinery well greased the case could continue on, sometimes

through an entire generation, or until it rotted out or died with old age, but if either party failed to furnish the wherewith of course the other won his case.

“Their governors were absolute monarchs, or at least had been, but later on the monarchs became figure-heads. Even then it did not work satisfactorily, for if a fool happened to be born heir to the throne, and chanced to be cursed with longevity, why of course the subjects had to swallow his doings. They took their medicine very well, but I presume it often left a bad taste in their mouths.

“Some countries were governed by *pull*. That is, all the officials were elected or chosen to fill all political positions, and the people being divided, each party put up such men for election as could pull the most votes. Honor or intelligence was not, necessarily, one of the requirements of a candidate, it was simply *pull*. Whoever was elected was so hampered with his preparations for the *pull* of re-election that he had little time for serving the people. The women didn't vote, I don't know whether it was because they didn't know enough, or because they knew too much, probably the latter; but still if they ever expect to have better laws, they must take a hand in the matter.

"The people acted strangely; although they knew that they were to live but a few days, yet their great aim was to possess; to gather to themselves that which they well understood would soon be taken from them. A sense of greed seemed to possess the souls of many. Few could be found who would acknowledge this, but fewer still who did not practice deception for the sake of gain. The great masses used their gain to make themselves and their neighbors happy, but the two extremes were bad: on the one hand were the ones who, single handed, took that which belonged to others because they were too lazy to work and earn it themselves; on the other hand were the greater sinners who joined themselves together to buy the products of the earth, not only the grain and the ores, but the accumulated wealth of the wage-earners, at a fair compensation, and then held them from the people for the sake of obtaining exorbitant usury.

"The laboring class were a conglomerated lot. Their ranks were replenished from all breeds, colors and kinds. The honest toilers were the salt of the earth, and when they marched to battle they always won, but then, there were the extremes: on one hand were the business class, whose hours of

toil consumed the whole round of the day, except when they ate and slept, and often in their dreams they were figuring out some gain or worrying over some loss. The others were the unworthy, who proudly boasted of their affinity to the laboring fraternity, while the truth of the matter was they were too lazy to work or keep their persons clean.

“They were drones, and had no use for the prosperous ones, except when the wave of hard times spread its blue mantle over the land, then they would accept soup.

“An immense piety prevailed throughout the land, and many able-bodied men and women spent their lives in teaching others what they did not know themselves. This piety, as a whole, was the foundation of all the good laws and principles which the world contained. It embodied all good works: asylums for the aged and orphans; schools for the children; and in many other ways seemed to be a source of happiness to the people. But it had its extremes which were so obnoxious as to cause many worthy ones to turn from the faith in disgust; one extreme, were those who lived within the fold as a cloak for their misdoings. Under the disguise of love and goodness they were enabled to take advantage of the unsuspecting, who would

naturally place the blame on the society, when it belonged to the individual; the others, of which there were many, were those whose mind ran to doctrine instead of good works.

“This class was a dangerous element. They held radical views on the state of the soul after death, and whoever disputed their rights to enforce their theories, was counted as fit to neither live nor die. This caused dissension in the society, disrupting it, breaking it to fragments. But each fragment formed a new sect all at enmity against each other; each one claiming that its views were right and all others were wrong. Being unable to find evidence to substantiate the theories which they had set up, they inflated their schemes with wind, and threatened death to those who dare prick the bubble.

“If one of genius and greatness arose among them, who dared search for the great truths which lay within the reach of those people, he was at once branded as an enemy to the cause, and as the custom might be, was either put to death, or ejected from the society. So it came to pass that piety acted as a mill-stone about the neck of many who would have been great.

“The sporting fraternity took a hand in the affairs of this strange world, and if we would ac-

cept the views of the pious radicals, we should find no extremes among them, for they were all bad. We did find them shockingly bad, for they labored but little, living mostly on what others had gained, but they took it not by force. They gambled on the result of animals matched against each other in deadly struggles, and men in friendly combat; in horse racing and many games of chance. They gambled on the results of the products of the fields, while it was yet ungrown. This was done on a large scale; traps were laid which caught many of the intelligent, causing them to commit suicide and leave their families in ruin; besides, they built immense warehouses where they stored the grain which the people needed to eat, causing famine and distress. Their field of gain was among those who were inexperienced and simple enough to catch at the bait which they threw out.

“Living lives of idleness, their hands found mischief, and disorderly conduct was often the result of their high-go performances. But we were surprised to learn that cruel murders and inhuman treatment did not belong entirely to this class. In fact the percentage, if any, was very little more than among the pious, and their record of the past was never so dark as that of their accusers. Many

of the weaker sex were fair specimens of loving kindness, who would give their last mite to relieve the unfortunate. But they were on the downward path, and the avenues of escape seemed to be cut off; even though they would return they could not, and I wondered if God, in his tender mercy, in making up his jewels might not find many a Magdalene whose stain was on the outer garment only.

“Among the great mass of living, loving and thinking human beings we found a few, just a few who were not satisfied to eat of the fruits of the earth, and say it is good; not satisfied to inhale the balmy breeze wafted over crystal waters, bringing sweet perfumes from the fragrant meadows, dewy hillsides and blooming vales, saying it is lovely; not satisfied to listen to the warble of the forest songsters, or the simple song of the loving mother, whose heavenly strains lull the little cooing babe to sweet rest, that rest which feels not the noiseless wave of anxiety which sweeps along with coming years; saying it is beautiful.

“But they ask the question, ‘From whence came all of this glory?’

“In the early morning of human existence these queer people began to trace back from results to causes, and although human skill has not yet land-

ed at the nearest goal, still their discoveries were wonderful.

"Each generation as they explored made marks that the coming ones might begin where they had left off. In this way they had measured the length of the rivers and the width of the lakes; heights of the mountains, and depths of the seas. They had thrown a girdle around the earth, and strange to say, had passed an imaginary line through the center which gave the distance more exact than the real one which encircled its surface.

"In some mysterious way they had reached out to the moon, sun, planets and far-away stars, and could tell their approximate distances. They had erected a huge pair of scales, whereby they had weighed the mountains, the seas and the world. Then the moon was rolled on, the sun, the planets, and, incredible as it may seem, those far-off distant worlds which they had discovered had been balanced on the mighty beam and their density learned.

"They had caught the motion of the earth and other heavenly bodies, and found their movement so exact that they knew just where a planet was one thousand years ago or would be one thousand years to come. But strangest of all, they pointed

to the far-off star called Sirius, and proved that it was traveling from us at the rate of about twelve thousand miles a minute, but at that rate it would not get out of sight in thousands of years.

"Such is the immensity of eternal space and the enormity of unknown time that the human intellect cannot conceive the faintest glimmer, and yet these things are true," said the professor, "and if you wish to see the eccentric people of that strange world look at each other, for it is our own world which we were sent on the heavenly voyage to explore."

We looked at each other queerly, undecided which to do, laugh or cry, for we realized that we had been sold, and yet the imaginary had been so blended with the real that no intelligent person could pass it as a joke.

Just then we were aroused from our reverie by the hollow sound of the steamer's whistle, and we hastened to look out over the star-lit waters, upon the seemingly low border lands of Illinois.

As we approached the dark border we discovered lights, apparently placed along the shore, but as we came nearer we could discover that some of the lights were higher than others, and soon began to discern the towering edifices of the great city of Chicago.

It was not yet dawn and the inhabitants were asleep. Sickness and anxiety barred the angel of rest from a few homes, and the night laborer and watchman stolidly welcomed each new hour. But before us more than two million ever watchful souls silently hovered, each over its own animate body while it rested preparatory for the days campaign, in which they would hardly stop to think that each day's record must remain as written; that every cause, good or bad, has its merited results; that the journal of life is a small book written by the owner; closed at death's evening and opened in life's morning, as evidence for or against; and that he or she who hurls the poisoned arrow out upon its apparently endless voyage, would some day be surprised to learn that by God's universal law of justice it will return again as an unwelcome guest to justly claim the right of inheritance.

THE END

